

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL 39

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE DOLL-MAKER (MR. WILLIE EDOUIN) AND HIS MARVELLOUS PUPPET IN "LA POUPÉE,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, AT MILLBANK.

PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY MR. HENRY TATE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULBECK, STRAND.

TATE GALLERY.

There probably never was a public benefaction more criticised, scorned, and individually rejected than Mr. Henry Tate's Gallery of British Art, which was opened on the site of old Millbank Prison by the Prince of Wales last Wednesday. Yet you would scarcely have thought that so princely a gift would naturally provoke an opposition so intense. Mr. Tate's generous motive was, after all, more than balanced by reasonableness, and it certainly seems a trifle inhuman to blame a man for sheer generosity without inquiring very particularly as to whether he is rational or not in his open-handedness. As a matter of fact, the most prominent of Mr. Tate's critics were just the men who were never weary of pointing out all the absurdities which naturally followed from our lack of the possession of just such a gallery as this. They were for ever complaining that we had no English Luxembourg, that pictures by British artists were constantly drifting into the National Gallery which deserved there no permanent place, and that the pictures, for example, purchased under the Chantrey Bequest had no chance at all, hidden, as they were, in the dark and unfathomable recesses of South Kensington Museum. All that is now done away with. The Vernon collection, the greater portion of which provoked the wrath of many critics of the National Gallery, now finds itself, "Derby Day" and all, housed with the Chantrey and other pictures in the fine galleries of Grosvenor Road.



A VESTIBULE.

The architect of the new Gallery is Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, and he certainly deserves the praise which on all hands has been lavished upon him. He has, in the first place, admirably succeeded in giving to the rather dreary Millbank side of the river a building the pleasing outline and proportions of which are positively refreshing to the eye. The long, simple lines of the side wings, the quietly decorative portico improved by its elegant flight of steps, the crowning dome—which, however, does not assume much importance in the vicinity of the gallery—this is a combination which makes the dull Embankment put on freshness and youth as a garment. The interior, moreover, is admirably suited for the purposes for which it was built. There are seven picture-galleries and one sculpture-gallery, although this last does not at present contain any works. The galleries for pictures are suitably simple; it is the greatest mistake to make such galleries ornamental beyond a very mild point indeed, and Mr. Smith has rightly restrained himself in this respect; and the lighting is altogether satisfactory. On the whole, London is to be congratulated upon this very substantial addition to the buildings which it is eminently worth one's while to visit. It may be added that the following

inscription may be read on the pediment of one of the sculpture-hall pillars: "This gallery and sixty-five pictures were presented to the nation by Henry Tate for the encouragement and development of British art and as a thank-offering for a prosperous business of sixty years."



ONE OF THE ROOMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BULBECK, STRAND.

TWO GREAT WRITERS OF THE EARLY VICTORIAN ERA.

MISS JEAN INGELOW.

The rejoicings over the Record Reign, forming as they did a point for surveying the past sixty years, have been speedily followed in literature, at least, by that note of regret which the death of popular writers always brings. First, Mrs. Oliphant, who had lent her pen to celebrate the Jubilee as regarded from its achievement in fiction, passed away, leaving *Blackwood's* all the poorer, and now "Maga" has sustained another loss by the death of Sir John Skelton, who received his knighthood on Jubilee morning, while Miss Jean Ingelow passed away yesterday week. Miss Ingelow, who had been writing from childhood and had been publishing since 1850, was born near Boston in Lincolnshire about 1830, and was one of a large family. She was educated entirely at home, chiefly by her mother, from whom she inherited her poetic vein. Her first volume of songs was brought out by Longmans, and during the first year of issue four editions of a thousand copies each were sold, and the young writer's fame was secured. The book bore the simple and unpretending title of "Poems by Jean Ingelow." It has been republished again and again, and up to the present time has reached its twenty-sixth edition, while its extensive popularity in America brought her in for many years handsome royalties. In this remarkable volume, probably the most-quoted and best-recollected verses are to be found under the title of "Divided," "Supper at the Mill," "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and "Requiescat in Pace." An early volume of short tales, signed "Orris," was published under the title of "Stories Told to a Child," and ran through many editions. Among other of her books, one of the most successful is "A Story of Doom," which may be called an epic. A third volume was in later years added to it. Her most popular prose works of fiction are "Off the Shelligs," "Fated to be Free," "Don John," "Sarah de Berenger," and "Mopsa the Fairy." Possessing much dramatic power of expression, combined with touching simplicity, there is a fresh, pure atmosphere about Jean Ingelow's works which makes them intensely natural and sympathetic. Though born in Lincolnshire, Miss Ingelow lived in Suffolk for some time. But her recent years were spent in London, and, until illness lately secluded her, she saw a certain amount of literary society at her little house and garden in Holland Villas Road, Kensington.



MISS JEAN INGELOW.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

SIR JOHN SKELTON, OTHERWISE "SHIRLEY."

The death of Sir John Skelton robs Edinburgh of one of its few remaining men of letters of the old type, and leaves literature in general a good deal the poorer. Sir John was typical of the writers who made the Scots capital famous in the beginning of the century. The son of an Edinburgh man, he was born in 1831, was educated at St. Andrews and Edinburgh,



SIR JOHN SKELTON.

Being the Most Recent Photograph of Him.

and was called to the Scots Bar in 1854, along with Laurence Oliphant. He never made a figure as a lawyer, but he proved a great success as Secretary of the Board of Supervision, now known as the Local Government Board, his share in drawing up the Public Health Act being a monument to his ability as a public official. It was, indeed, in this capacity that a knighthood was granted to him; and yet he was far more widely known as a man of letters. *Blackwood's Magazine* formed just the right sort of inducement to such as he to write for, and, having once gained confidence, he developed in divers directions, notably as an essayist and as a Scots historian. Ranging himself on the side of Mary Queen of Scots, with somewhat less of the vigour that Mark Napier displayed in defending the great Montrose, he published in 1876 his "Impeachment of Mary Stuart," a further vivid light being thrown on the subject by his "Maitland of Lethington" (1887-9), while his handsome book on Mary Stuart (to which Bishop Creighton's "Elizabeth" is the twin) completed his investigations on a subject that seems capable of indefinite treatment. To the readers of *Fraser* and *Blackwood's* he was familiar as "Shirley," a *nom-de-guerre* he borrowed from Charlotte Brontë's novel; while his stories, notably "The Crookit Meg," have a special charm for all who love Scots life of old fashioned kind. His house, The Hermitage, in the Braid Hills, just beyond the confines of Edinburgh, was practically the last literary *salon* in Edinburgh, where he received right hospitably all the great men of letters of the reign who turned Northwards. It was he who really discovered Stevenson. It is told of him that he went once to dine with the Stevensons, who were living close to him at Swanston, and took with him Principal Tulloch. From that dinner he returned with Louis' first manuscripts under his arm, and hung over them with wonder and delight till the small hours. In the predictions which he uttered for the youthful author he did not foresee that the meeting would one day supply that author with a character, and that Shirley, rendered, it is true, a trifle less cynical and rather more idyllic, would figure in "Weir of Hermiston" as Lord Glenalmond. And he has not long survived Robert Louis Stevenson. His death marks the last days of a distinct era in Scots literature. From now, with one exception perhaps, Edinburgh can scarcely be regarded as a literary centre such as it once was. The Scots capital prints books, but it has ceased to write them.

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS will CLOSE on THURSDAY, July 29, at 4 p.m. for London, and on FRIDAY, July 30, at 4 p.m. for Country and Abroad.

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P R O S P E C T U S .

This Company has been formed with the view of acting as a general financial institution, more particularly in connection with the West Australian and allied markets of the London Stock Exchange.

The Colony of Western Australia has during the past few years made remarkable strides—more particularly in regard to the development of its phenomenal mineral resources; while in the opinion of the Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, the Premier (and other competent authorities), it is destined at an early date to see a very large development of the agricultural, pastoral, timber, coal, and other industries. Its population has increased from 50,000 in 1890 to 160,000 in 1897, while its revenue has risen from £400,000 in 1890 to upwards of £2,750,000 in 1897, and the railway mileage has increased during the same period from 400 to 1500. The value of the gold exported from 1886 to the present time amounts to £4,500,000, of which £3,750,000 has been produced during the last three years and a-half, and in the opinion of the Premier the export of gold for the year 1897 will total over £2,000,000 sterling, or double the figure for 1896. The Mines of Western Australia have produced, during the first eleven years of their working, ten times as much gold as was obtained in a similar period from those of South Africa.

It is under these circumstances that West Australian investments have been growing in public favour for some time past, and that a special and active section of the Mining Market has been established, in which an immense volume of business is being done. This result has been accomplished in the face of many difficulties, most of which, however, have now been removed by the enterprising action of the West Australian Government, which is pledged to an active policy in the development of the mining industry of the Colony. The great remaining need is that adequate financial support should be afforded to the Market, in order that it may possess equal facilities to those enjoyed by the South African and other Mining, Land, and Exploration sections.

It is with the object of supplying this want that the present Company has been established.

The Company will advance money at current contango rates upon approved West Australian and other shares from Stock Exchange Account to Account, with the additional personal security of responsible Brokers or Dealers. These rates at present range from 7 to 10 per cent.

The Company will also avail itself of special opportunities, as they arise, for obtaining holdings in the various undertakings dealt in on the Market, with a view either to permanent investment or profitable realisation.

The Company has been established at the instance of the Joint Stock Institute, Limited, which has been one of the principal pioneers of the West Australian Market, and whose Founder and Sole Director agrees to act as Chairman until the ordinary meeting in the year 1900. The Institute's various West Australian Interests (known by the short name of the "Associated Group") have long constituted one of the leading features of this Market.

With a view to enabling the Company to commence operations with a substantial Market interest, the Joint Stock Institute, Limited, has agreed to transfer to this Company £500,000 of its holdings in various companies connected with the West Australian Market, entirely in exchange for shares in this Company to a similar nominal amount, although such holdings, at current market quotations, show a large margin in favour of the Company. The Institute further agrees to pay the whole of the expenses incidental to the incorporation and issue of the Company down to the first general allotment of shares. In consideration of giving the Company these advantages, the Institute is entitled, under the terms of the contract referred to below, to have allotted at par the unissued Share Capital of the Company at any time within three years.

It will be thus seen that the Company commences business with the whole of its capital intact, securing at the outset a commanding interest in the Market, without any cash payment to Vendors or Promoters, or any obligation in regard to formation expenses.

The Directorate has been constituted upon the principle of obtaining representative expert knowledge—each member of the Board bringing special experience, either financial, legal, commercial, or scientific, to the service of the Company.

The London Brokers of the Company are the firm chiefly identified in the past with the West Australian business of the Joint Stock Institute, and a

member of the firm will, when required, attend the meetings of the Directors and advise them upon all matters relating to Stock Exchange transactions.

A contract has been entered into, dated 20th July, 1897, and made between the Company of the first part, the Joint Stock Institute, Limited, of the second part, and Horatio Bottomley of the third part, providing for the transfer to the Company of the shares and securities therein mentioned, upon the basis of an equivalent nominal allotment of shares in this Company, and for the services of the said Horatio Bottomley as Chairman, upon the terms and conditions therein stated; and also, for the considerations and upon the terms stated (including the payment of all expenses incidental to this issue up to the first general allotment), giving the Institute the call of the unissued capital of the Company at par at any time within three years from the date of the agreement.

It is considered desirable that the name of the Company should be changed to "The West Australian Market Trust, Limited," and Resolutions for that purpose, and also for the purpose of making certain alterations in the Articles of Association of the Company as to the Directors and Chairman, and other matters, have been passed as Special Resolutions, and it is intended that the same shall be confirmed as such at a Meeting which has been convened for the 29th July instant.

The Contract and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association (and copies of the Resolutions for altering the same above referred to) are open for the inspection of intending subscribers at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications for shares may be made on the accompanying Form, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. If the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

July 23, 1897.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND MARKET TRUST, LIMITED.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

(To be retained by the Bankers.)

No.
To the Directors of
THE WEST AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND MARKET TRUST,
LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on application for Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I (we) request that you will allot me (us) that number of Shares, and I (we) hereby agree to accept the same or any less number, and to become a Member (or Members) of the Company upon the terms and conditions stated in the Prospectus of the Company, dated 23rd July, 1897, and I (we) authorise you to place my (our) name upon the Register of Members in respect of the shares so allotted to me (us), and I (we) agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as required by the terms of such Prospectus, and I (we) also agree with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, other than is obtained in such Prospectus.

These particulars must be written clearly.

Ordinary Signature
Name (in full)
Address (in full)
Profession or business
Date1897.

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 HENRY FLEWS, General Manager.
 Dublin, 1897.

SMALL TALK.

It may be remembered that the Royal Reception Committee in charge of affairs upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to Sheffield unanimously voted a sum of money as a mark of their esteem and appreciation of the indefatigable and gratuitous services of the honorary



A MEMENTO OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.

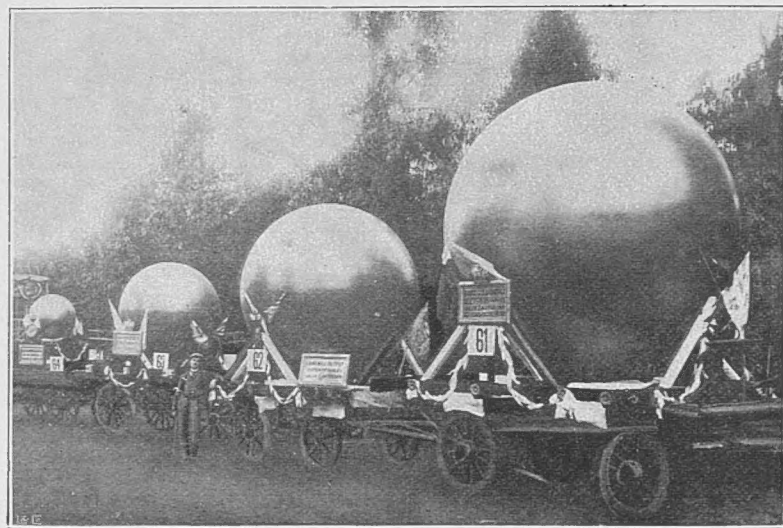
secretaries, Aldermen Franklin and Clegg, for the purpose of purchasing them sets of Commemoration plate, consisting of a dessert-service of seven pieces, a large bowl surrounded by four reproductions in miniature, and two replicas of equal size as side ornaments. The articles are of sterling silver, the decoration being of the Louis Quinze period. The side-handles and feet are of quaintly original form, and present a substantial and massive appearance, while the bold character of the repoussé chasing accentuates the charming accuracy of contour. The three larger bowls are for fruit and flowers, while the four smaller ones are intended to contain burnt almonds and sweetmeats. The total weight of each service is upwards of 155 ounces. The three beautiful plinths or pedestals are of American walnut, carved by Tory in harmony with the same period of artistic decoration. The services were designed and modelled by her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of London and Sheffield.

I have had sent me from Shillong, a hill-station of Assam, several photographs of the damage caused by the earthquake on June 12. This lovely little station is situated in the Khasi and Jaintia Hills. Although the headquarters of the Assam Government, it is not at all as well known as the other hill-stations in India. The first shock was felt at 5.12 p.m., local time, and the three violent shocks which did all the damage lasted from two to two and a-half minutes. The earth trembled violently, and every public building and private bungalow in the station was razed to the ground. All public buildings and most of the houses were built of stone, and they came crashing down like so many packs of cards. A few ekra—that is, reed-and-mortar—houses still stand, but are absolute ruins inside, as the stone chimneys fell in, causing dreadful havoc. My correspondent proceeds—

As regards the movements of the earth's surface, I can furnish only the personal impressions of one who has had little if any scientific training. The movement seemed to be distinctly horizontal and undulating; the surface of the earth presented the aspect of a storm-tossed sea, with this difference, that the undulations were infinitely more rapid than any seen at sea. The centre of the whole disturbance seems to be the Khasi and Jaintia Hills, and the greatest havoc has been wrought at Shella, thirty-eight miles from Shillong, the wealthiest and most picturesque village in the province, with a population of about 3500. Shella was built up from the plains in a series of terraces to the height of 800 to 1000 feet, which were covered with fine orange-trees. A missionary who has arrived at Cherrapunji reports that he saw the whole village slipping down into the river below, so it is feared that the loss of life must be very heavy. At Cherrapunji, where the rock formation was very wonderful, the whole aspect of the mountains has changed, the road has entirely disappeared, and, in many places, could never be made again. The distress among the natives in both these places is very great; but prompt measures have been taken by the Deputy-Commissioner for sending out supplies of rice, &c., to relieve the suffering people. In Shillong itself there have

not been more than twenty-five deaths, only two of the number being Europeans. Mr. R. B. McCabe, of the Assam Commission, and a well-known frontier officer, had been ill for some days, and was in bed when the shock came; he was buried in the ruins, and death must have been instantaneous. His death is deeply deplored by all who knew him. Mr. Rosourode, a Survey pensioner living in Upper Shillong, was also killed by the falling of his house. Saturday being a half-holiday, there were, luckily, very few men in any of the offices, but, unfortunately, forty men had remained on in the Press, a massive stone building. The Sepoys and police turned out and did all in their power to extricate the hapless men; with much difficulty thirty were got out alive, but it required two days' hard work to find the remaining ten. In the native Bazaar the loss has been wonderfully small, and it is to be hoped that no deaths will result from exposure. Tents were set up on the cricket-ground and other places, and Bashas are being erected as quickly as possible. The Ward Lake, which was one of the chief features of Shillong, burst the bund, and rushed down into the valley below, carrying all before it. Happily, no houses stood in its way. It is now ten days since the earthquake occurred, and the shocks still continue. A member of the Geographical Survey now in Shillong is of opinion that on the 13th and 14th inst. we must have had from three to four hundred shocks per day! On the 16th, 17th, and 18th the shocks came at greater intervals, and we thought things were getting quiet; but on the 19th, exactly a week later, and within three and a-half minutes of the time of the first earthquake, our hopes were dispelled by a shock much worse than any since the first one. For the last four days it has been much quieter, and we fervently hope the worst is over.

The Outlanders in Johannesburg celebrated the Jubilee in a very object-lesson style. They had a procession of models of mines and mining machinery, and then came a series of spheres showing (in proportion) the progress of their prosperity. Thus one globe showed that the Rand cyanide output was 2,740,272 oz., valued at £9,592,957, while the gold output in the last ten years was 12,275,835 oz., valued at £43,544,084.



THE PROGRESS OF THE RAND.

Photo by H. C. W. Cole.

This is an interesting story. The survivors of the *Aden* found themselves fairly well provided for (under the conditions), with the exception of a very small child who was among the rescued. After an almost hopeless search for food for the child, a bottle of Mellin's Food was found floating about in one of the cabins, a teaspoonful of which was given to the child, in a wine-glass of soda-water, three times during the day, which kept him in a fairly healthy condition, in spite of the exposure, till help arrived after eighteen days.

A statue is on the point of being unveiled at Péronne in honour of Marie Fouré, who, in emulation of Joan of Arc, bravely helped her fellow-citizens of Péronne to force the army of Charles V. to raise the siege of that town in 1536. The festivities arranged for the opening ceremony include the performance of a new opera dealing with Marie Fouré's heroic valour in repelling the enemy.



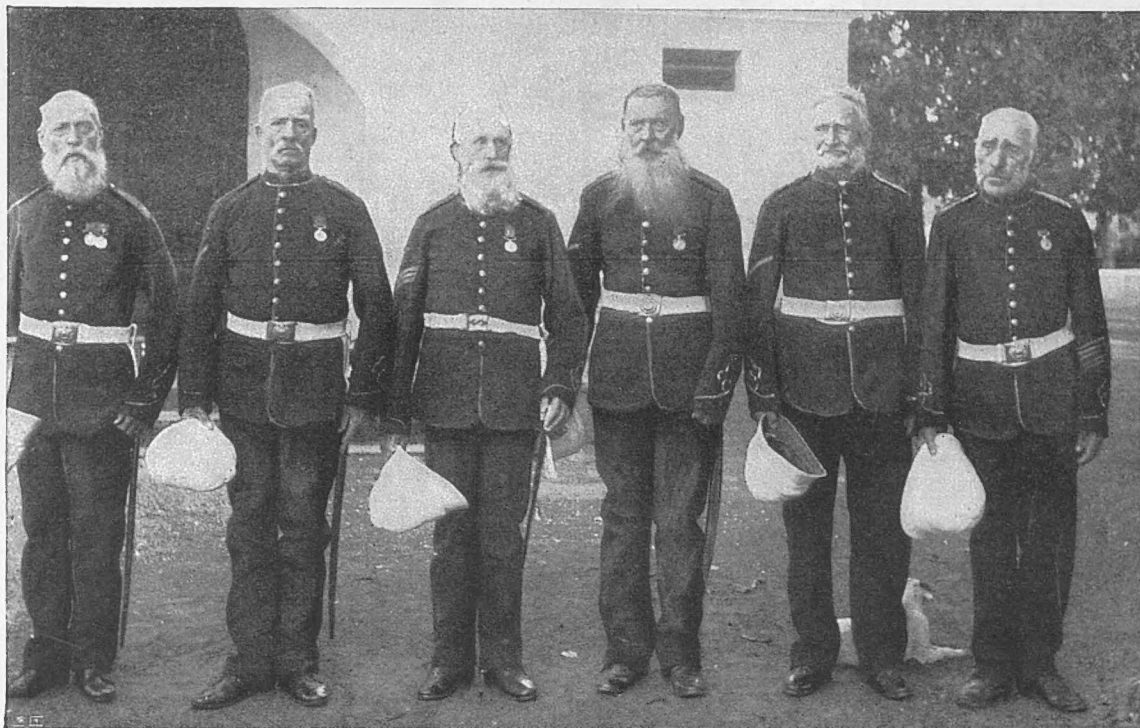
THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT ASSAM BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

The latest military magazine that has come my way is the monthly journal of the 1st Battalion Cheshire Regiment, the old 22nd. It is called the *Oakleaf*, and is published for the nonce at Secunderabad, the price being two annas. The sub-editors are two corporals, so that the organ seems to be quite democratic. I wonder if the British Museum looks after this growing department of amateur journalism. Here

This picture, which has been sent to me from Madras, is very interesting. It shows the six members remaining of the European Artillery Veteran Company, which was raised by the old East India Company in 1840, and was formerly two hundred strong, the men enlisting for life. The Sergeant-Major in the middle is eighty-four years of age and has sixty-two years' service. In striking contrast to the aged six are the tiny six children whose picture has come all the way from Ballarat.



THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF THE EUROPEAN ARTILLERY OF MADRAS, ONCE TWO HUNDRED STRONG.

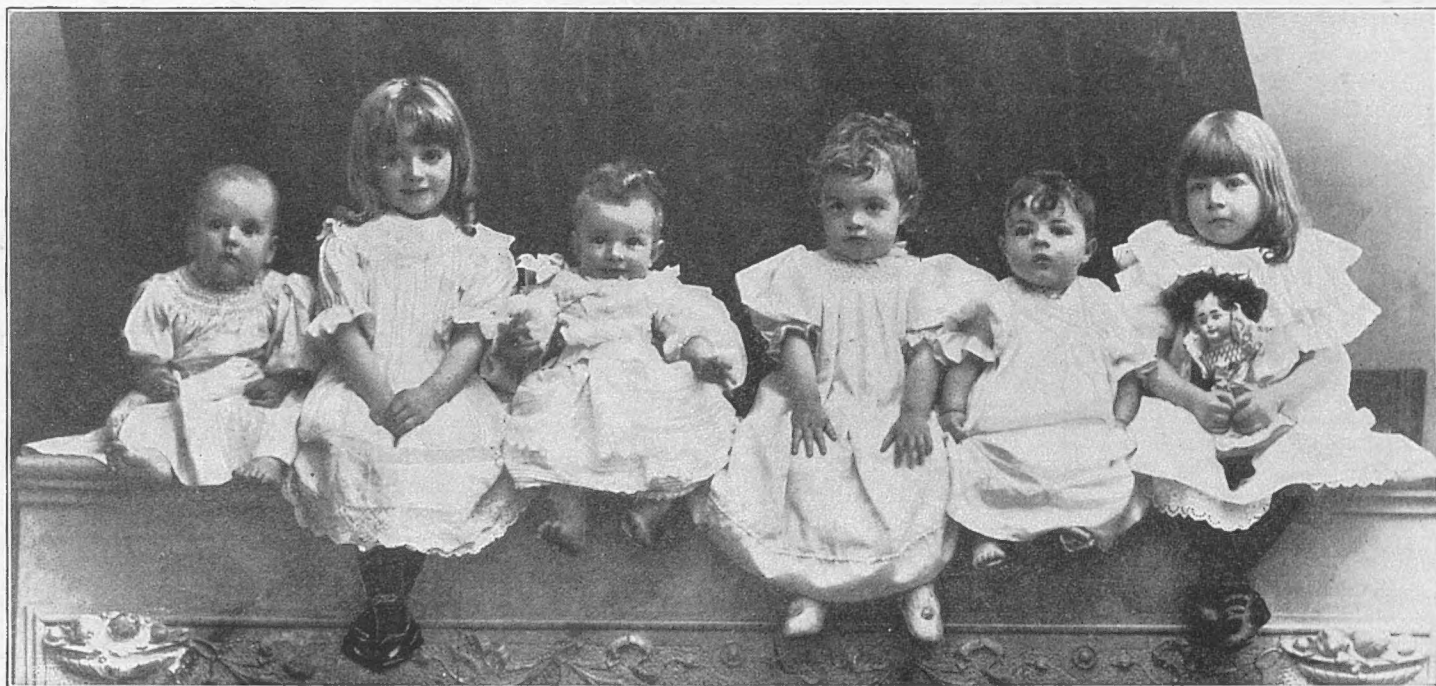
are a few of the papers published by regiments. The titles are very curious, in several cases the regimental badges giving the name—

<i>The Thistle</i>	Royal Scots.
<i>The Maple Leaf</i>	Leinster Regiment.
<i>The Black Horse Gazette</i>	7th Dragoon Guards.
<i>The Sapper</i>	Royal Engineers.
<i>The Tiger and Sphinx</i>	Gordon Highlanders.
<i>The Bugle</i>	Durham Light Infantry.
<i>Q. O. Gazette</i>	West Kent Regiment.
<i>The Ninety-Five</i>	Derbyshire Regiment.
<i>The 16th Q. Lancers' Gazette</i>	16th Lancers.
<i>The Globe and Laurel</i>	Royal Marines.
<i>The A. S. C. Journal</i>	Army Service Corps.
<i>The Dragon</i>	The Buffs.
<i>The XXX.</i>	East Lancashire Regiment.
<i>The Men of Harlech</i>	Welsh Regiment.
<i>The Bengal Tiger</i>	Munster Fusiliers.
<i>One and All</i>	Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

Mr. J. F. Meehan, of Bath, has done a thing which might be followed with great advantage in many other towns. He has compiled a directory of the famous houses in Bath in a twenty-four page pamphlet. The booklet is arranged alphabetically, double references being given. The idea is certainly an excellent one.

(the "Peripatetics" v. West Kent) in both innings. Again, the Emperor Napoleon III. turns up as a spectator. With the Empress and Prince Imperial he happened to drive on to the ground during a match, and saw "long-on" bring off a difficult catch. "There was much applause, and in a few moments one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, hat in hand, delivered a message from the Emperor to 'long-on,' thanking him very much for his performance, and asking him to be so kind as to do it again."

Reports from the grouse-moors do not promise a very brilliant season; in fact, it would seem that the Twelfth will open one rather below the average. The exceptionally mild winter favoured the birds, but its good results were heavily discounted in many localities by a cold and rainy spring; unseasonable frost destroyed many eggs, and heavy thunderstorms worked havoc among early broods and late nests. Disease has been rife on some of the moors in Ayrshire, Forfar, and Kincardineshire, but those of Ross, Inverness, and Perthshire appear to have escaped the mysterious scourge. The best reports come from Inverness-shire and Morayshire, where broods are stated to be up to the average in number and strong on the wing. The districts which have suffered most heavily in grouse through cold or wet send the best possible accounts of the black game; either the black cock is a much hardier bird or the grey hen is a better domestic manager than the hen grouse.



"WE ARE SEVEN!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARDS AND CO., BALLARAT.

The pretty bevy of girls whose portraits I publish are the daughters of Archduke Frederic of Austria and the Archduchess Isabelle. The Archduchess Marie Christine is eighteen years old, Marianne fifteen, Henrietta fourteen, Nathalie thirteen, Gabrielle ten, and Isabelle eight. The Archduchess Isabelle, their mother, is the daughter of Duke Rudolph of Croÿ, head of one of the most ancient and noble families of Belgium, and her brother, Prince Charles de Ligne, represented that country and the Belgian royal family at the Jubilee. The aunt of these Princesses is the Queen-Regent of Spain, so that the little King Alphonso is their cousin.

Inasmuch as there has just been celebrated with some pomp in Lisbon the four hundredth anniversary of the starting of Vasco da Gama on his first memorable expedition, I have referred to an interesting and virtually contemporary account of the bold navigator's journeys. This is contained, under the heading "*Loca nuper reperta*," in the "*Commentaria Urbana*" of Raphael Volaterranus (really named Maffei), first published in 1506, only a few years after the second voyage, and dedicated to Pope Julius II. Volaterranus relates that he had learned from his patron, the Cardinal of Lisbon, one of the "inner circle" of the Court of Emmanuel the Great of Portugal, details as to the several voyages made by the Portuguese under Vasco da Gama, that resulted, as all the world now knows, in the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope and the discovery of a sea-way to the Indies. In accordance with the practice of the time, the hardy adventurers are not named individually, and are merely called "sailors of the King Emmanuel," whose reign has been termed the "Golden Age of Portugal." In somewhat similar manner, Camoens, in his famous epic, the "*Lusiad*," has, as Bouterwek points out, sung the praises of the many Lusitanian heroes in general, and not of Vasco da Gama in particular.

Volaterranus, after mentioning "the discovery of the new and most large island, which they called Santa Cruz, inhabited by the Anthropophagi, men naked, long-haired, and of a colour red rather than black," goes on to say, "Sailing thence, the mariners on the twelfth day arrived at the very farthest promontory in the Atlantic Ocean, and, indeed, the end of the earth in that quarter, which they call [the Cape] of Good Hope." In a time thickly studded with centenaries and celebrations of various kinds, this latter-day Lisbon tribute to the memory of a celebrated navigator deserves more attention than it has received in most of the English papers. Meyerbeer, of course, has greatly helped to perpetuate da Gama's name in the now seldom heard "*L'Africaine*."

Commander Colin R. Keppel is one of the pets of the Navy, and has received many congratulations on his selection to take the command of the new, specially constructed gunboats during the forthcoming Nile Expedition. The son of Sir Henry Keppel, Admiral of the Fleet and "Father of the British Navy," he has already had a career of considerable distinction. He served in the Egyptian War of 1882, and was one of the officers attached to the Naval Brigade landed for service in the Soudan with the Nile Expedition in 1884 for the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum. He was afterwards present with Lord Charles Beresford at the relief of Sir Charles Wilson, when he was wounded in effecting the rescue in a small boat. For this service he was specially promoted. Then followed a period of "drawing-room" duty, first as Equerry, and afterwards as Flag-Lieutenant to the Duke of Edinburgh when Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. He was attached to the Duke of Edinburgh's Staff for seven years, and since 1896 he has commanded the gunboat *Skipjack* in the Mediterranean. Now he has another opportunity of distinguishing himself in actual warfare.



THE ARCHDUCHESSSES ISABELLE AND GABRIELLE.



THE ARCHDUCHESSSES NATHALIE AND HENRIETTA.

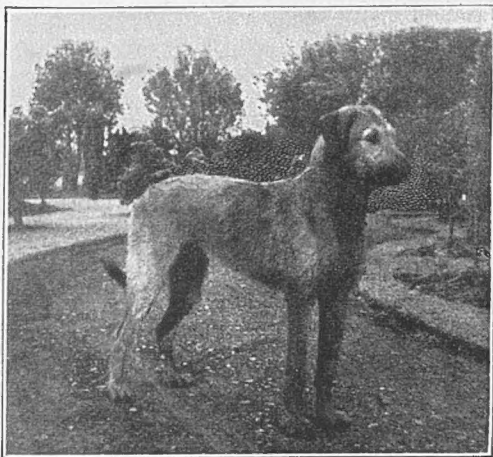


THE ARCHDUCHESSSES MARIANNE AND MARIE CHRISTINE.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE ARCHDUKE FREDERIC OF AUSTRIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADELE, VIENNA.

Irish wolfhounds made a fascinating group at the Regent's Park Show, headed by Mrs. G. Williams's grand Dermot Asthore '96. He is a very big, powerful, and high-quality dog, of a lovely light-grey colour and with a magnificent head, and apparently as gentle as he is strong. He was born on March 22, 1896, his breeder being Captain Graham; he is



IRISH WOLFHOUND, DERMOT ASTHORE '96.

by Brian II. and Nookoo. This was only his second show, and he won two first prizes, a special, and premiership—in fact, he took the highest awards in every class for which he was entered. He is a first-favourite with his mistress, to whom he is devoted.

Apparently it is a name of good omen to dogs as well as to men, for a Black Prince of Pomeranians has just succeeded in beating all other competitors of his breed

for honours at the recent Ladies' Kennel Association Show, and has fetched the largest price ever paid for one of his kind—£200, coupled with the condition that he is never again to be exhibited. His lovely little Royal Highness was born on Jan. 20, 1895, and was bred by Mr. Patterson from Carl and Lady Blucy; his name denotes his colour, and his photograph delineates his perfection of form and his bright, intelligent expression. His weight is five and a-half pounds. Since March 21 last he has won considerably over a hundred cups, championships, gold and silver medals, specials, and first prizes. At this, which is to be his last appearance in the show-ring, he won a first in the open class for black Pomeranians under eight pounds in weight, two specials for the best under eight and six pounds, the cup, a special for the best black Pomeranian, and the special for the best of any weight or colour. He won his first championship at the Pet-Dog Show in the Aquarium in May. Not in London alone, but all over England, wherever he has been shown, he has scored the highest success in every class for which he has been entered. Black Prince has now left the world of show-dogs for that of journalism, his new master being part-proprietor of the *Manchester Guardian*. I wish him a long and happy life in his new home. His late mistress, Mrs. C. Houliker, immediately after his sale, offered Mrs. Percy Foster £100 for her equally small and beautiful Moorland Pixie, but the sweet little brown dog's mistress promptly refused to part with her pet at any price. Happy is the dog who has such an owner.

Gaffer Jarge is a charming Irish terrier (owned by Miss Emily Patton, and bred by the well-known actor-manager Mr. Cyril Maude), who made his début at the Botanic Gardens Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association. He is by Pat and Bidy, and looks as typically and delightfully Irish as their names. Though absolutely new to the show-bench and the ring, he took third to Mrs. Butcher's famous brace Belinda and Bounder, no small honour for a novice born in January 1896; and some connoisseurs of the breed present adjudged him the best of the trio. Gaffer Jarge showed a great aversion to the show-bench, and the expression in his lovely eyes every time he saw his mistress (particularly on the second day of the show) was pathetically reproachful, especially as she would not allow him the one compensation that would have atoned



IRISH TERRIER, GAFFER JARGE.
Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.



KING CHARLES SPANIEL, PRINCE ELDORADO.
Photo by Morris, Lewisham High Road, S.E.

for all—a big fight with his neighbours. Gaffer Jarge is now enjoying rural delights, and will probably not appear again at any show before the autumn or early winter. His home-life is a particularly happy one, and he has all the warm affection of his nationality for his friends.

Prince Eldorado '94, Mrs. Herring's well-known King Charles Spaniel, was among the winners of first prizes at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show in the Botanic Gardens. He is a lovely specimen of his breed, being extremely good both in form and colour. He is by Lord Charles Beresford and Floss, and was born in November 1894; breeder, Mrs. Benner. Though not yet three years old, he is the sire of many prize-winners, including the beautiful pair King John '97 and Lady Gillian '97, who were benched beside him; and it is a pretty sight to see these, with several others equally beautiful, running races and enjoying a merry romp on Mrs. Herring's velvet lawn at Lestock House, Lee. Prince Eldorado has during his short life collected most assiduously and successfully for various charities, including the Animals' Institute in Kinnerton Street, Knightsbridge.

"Go to Jericho!" Can anyone explain the origin of this phrase, and suggest what may be the meaning attached to it? The Children of Israel went to Jericho when they crossed the Jordan, and Jericho very soon "went to Jericho" afterwards. The place was rebuilt, but for a long time past there has been little else than mounds to mark the site. Now a new state of things appears to have made a beginning, and Jericho may turn out at last to be not such a bad place to be sent to. Dr. Conrad Schick, who has lived so long in Jerusalem, has sent a



POMERANIAN, BLACK PRINCE (SOLD FOR £200).
Photo by Hedges, Lytham.

communication which was published in the last number of the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund; in this he reports that "the hotel at Jericho has been open during the last season." To anyone acquainted with the locality this will certainly appear as "Startling News," and there will be a desire to know if the Bedouins of the district patronise the establishment, and it would be interesting to learn how they behave when the landlord presents his "little bill" to them. Dr. Schick has still more to tell us; he states that a café has been started on the high ground by the shore of the Dead Sea, and that carriages now "go down to Jerusalem as far as the Jordan." It appears that a steamer has been plying on the Jordan or the Dead Sea—perhaps on both. "It has ceased to work," he says, but "its machinery is being transferred to another boat of different construction." Really, some newspaper should send out a "special" to interview the Bedouins and report what they think and say of these encroachments on their civilisation. No doubt but they see what it will mean to them and they are groaning at the prospect.

A clever punning epigram has been attributed to the late Baron von Stephan, one of the chief workers for the establishment of an international postal system. Being informed, in the course of correspondence, that an American letter-carrier named Morse had formerly conveyed the mails in an omnibus, the Baron wittily replied, "Morse omnibus communis."

The birds forming part of the live stock of an ostrich-farm now being exhibited in America are said to have been, up till recently, in the possession of Mr. Barney Barnato. *Sic transit!*

What is this I hear about M. Charles Lamoureux abandoning his celebrated Sunday afternoon concerts in Paris? Perhaps what Paris may lose other capitals will gain.

The New Palace Steamers are gaining increased popularity every summer, and it is not to be wondered at, for the management is enterprising, and when it offers to take you a day's trip to Margate and back by such splendid steamers as the *Koh-i-Noor* and *Royal Sovereign* for four shillings, or five shillings saloon, it is certain to have its offer largely accepted. The run to Boulogne on that magnificent boat *La Marguerite* has become very popular, and is continued three days a week—Monday, Thursday, and Saturday—as hitherto. A new feature, however, is a two days' trip from Tilbury to Ostend, and for this purpose the mail-steamer *La Belgique* has been chartered. You may leave Tilbury at 9.30 a.m. any Monday, Thursday, or Saturday.

Very terse is Mr. Vandam's article on George the Third's Jubilee in the August number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. After reading

it and the articles on the progress of science and exploration during the last sixty years, you will see how infinitely more splendid in every way have been the achievements of the Queen. For example, there was no magazine like the *English Illustrated* in 1809. This month it is brisk and bright. Mr. Andrew Lang writes about some famous old cricketers, and there are articles on Shetland ponies, on Anne Brontë, on Sir George Newnes and how he made his pile, besides many stories and illustrations.



GEORGE III.

Taken in the Sixtieth Year of His Reign.

These hot days point distinctly to the river—not where Fashion leads at Henley or Maidenhead, but the river as it runs by London Town itself, your bark but a penny steamer shooting zigzag from pier to pier. What a voyage of discovery is the journey, say, from London Bridge to Westminster, with the long line of fine buildings on the Middlesex bank, with the dull, depressing rows of wharves in Surrey, and the deserts of undistinguished brick dwellings behind these again! The river has ceased to be the highway of the great which it once was; but it is far more interesting than ever—

Where is the gilded barge of yore
That floated down by London Town,
With haughty prow and mighty oar,
With flapping sails that bore the Crown?
Alack! you see no royal streamer
Unfurled upon the penny steamer.
Where is the stately water-gate
To which they'd steer the barge so near
That Kings and Queens might board in State?—
They did not know of floating pier;
Though poets hymned the Thames, no dreamer
Foresaw the penny river-steamer.
Where are the heralds tricked with gold
Who blew a blast before the mast,
A piercing trumpet-blare, which told
His Majesty was sailing past?
To-day a blatant cornet screamer
Infests the penny river-steamer.
Yet landsmen such as I may feel,
What time they float aboard that boat,
A perfect seaman at the wheel,
A Viking (in a City coat);
No Captain Cook was e'er suppremer
Than I aboard a penny steamer.
For here is all Romance's fire;
I need not roam long leagues from home
To find the charm of tower and spire
Mid palaces and gorgeous dome.
What further needs adventure schemer?—
His argosy a penny steamer?

The question of the Lippe-Detmold succession is at last settled, and this week Count Ernst of Lippe-Biesterfeld marches into the country and assumes the regency, and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe shakes the Detmold dust from his feet and retires to Bonn. The importance of this retreat is that with the Prince departs his consort, who is sister to the German Emperor. The tale of the succession runs thus: In 1890 Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe sought the hand of Princess Victoria of Prussia. There was a doubt if this alliance were of sufficient dignity for a daughter of Hohenzollern, and as days passed the settlements remained unsigned. Then old Prince Waldemar of Detmold, being well stricken in years and without child of his own, announced his intention of making Prince Adolf heir to his personal property. He, moreover, said that when his brother Alexander, who was insane, succeeded him on the throne, the young Adolf should be Regent, and should ultimately succeed to the Principality. Five years went by and the Prince passed away, all happening as he had said. The Diet of Detmold, however, stepped in, and, backed by the inhabitants almost to a man, declared they would have none of Prince Adolf, adding that the decree of Prince Waldemar was invalid, as they (the Diet) had had no part or parcel in the matter.

Blandishments and arguments were alike thrown away on that obstinate national assembly, and for a time open strife reigned between Court and people, and when Count Ernst of Lippe-Biesterfeld, the rival claimant, sent his son to Detmold to attend Waldemar's funeral and condole with his widow, he appears to have been treated with contumely. The angry Diet demanded that he should place himself at their head and by force enter the Castle of Detmold, the doors of which were closed against him. This the Count refused to do, appealing instead to the people. The persistence of the latter induced Prince Adolf—that is, the Emperor William—to refer the case to a Court of Arbitration, with the long-headed, revered old King of Saxony at its head. As the only charge against Count Ernst was that some far-away ancestor of his had made a morganatic marriage—his choice falling on an aptly named *Fräulein von Unruhe*—the verdict was naturally given in his favour. The result was wrath in the New Palace at Berlin, and, notwithstanding the personal popularity of the Prince and Princess, unseemly elation at Detmold. However, since the quarrel has been decided without bloodshed, which would emphatically have not been the case before 1866, everyone may be content and Detmold forgotten again.

East Asia is the name of the latest quarterly, which made its appearance this month, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Faulds, from Longton, in Staffordshire. In view of the troubles in India and of the advance of Japan, it is very timely, and it contains a mass of interesting matter. The notorious Sun Yat Sen opens it with an article on judicial reform in China. There is a capital account of the Cocos-Keeling and Christmas Islands, which the Scots family of Ross have ruled for so many years. One writer describes puppet-shows in the Far East—why does he speak of "Chas." (sic) Dickens?—and another describes the "enigmatic Murrhine vases." *East Asia*, in fact, is very timely.

Two American items of decided interest and piquancy. I hear of the prowess as a cyclist of Miss Kate Helmke, a blind lady who is teacher at the Missouri Asylum for the Blind in St. Louis. A month's practice in the grounds of the institution gave Miss Helmke proficiency in the, in her case abnormally difficult, art of wheeling, and her subsequent cycling through the public streets has been completely successful, hearing, not sight, enabling her to avoid accidents amid the mass of traffic. My other jotting refers to the pernicious habit of certain cyclists, in some great cities of the United States, of riding off furiously to the scene of any fire, quite regardless of the obstruction and contingent danger they may thus cause to the fully manned fire-engines and the risk to their less noble selves.

Shakspeare has actually reached the variety stage. At one of the Liverpool music-halls an arrangement of "The Merchant of Venice," in sketch form, is being successfully represented, the characters being sustained by actors and actresses favourably known on the regular boards.

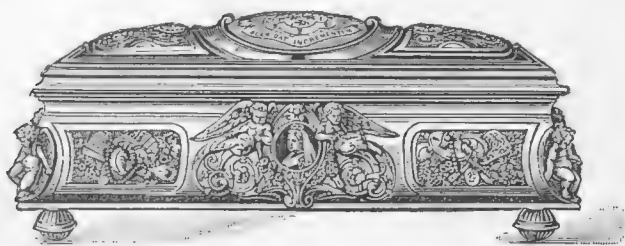


MISS SARAH BROOKE.
Photo by Langflet, Glasgow.

The late Lord Revelstoke, once a power in the City of London, a masterful spirit who is credited with having originated those changes in the conduct of the business of Baring's which brought that historic house to the brink of financial ruin, and threatened society with a panic more widespread than the commercial world has yet seen—changes which, as I once heard an old-fashioned City man explain, would have made Tom Baring turn in his grave—was last week laid to rest in the most peaceful of spots, far removed from the scene of the triumphs and failures of this busy and ambitious worker. Revelstoke, where the funeral of "Ted Baring" (as he was at one time familiarly called) took place, is a tiny place lying on the verge of the English Channel, in the lovely Western county of Devon, between those headlands Stoke and Prawle Points. Membland, Lord Revelstoke's country seat, is not far from Plympton, which old-world town is, perhaps, more famous for having produced the great Sir Joshua than for anything else. Sir Joshua's father was master of a grammar-school in this town, which for centuries sent two members to Parliament and once held the baronial seat of the old Earls of Devon. When I was a lad, Sir Joshua's portrait, painted by himself, hung in the old Guildhall at Plympton, and, for all I know, it may hang there still—at any rate, it ought to. The Barings have a long connection with the county of Devon, for their forebear, one Franz Baring, a Lutheran minister of Bremen, settled near Exeter in the early years of the last century. The late Lord Revelstoke married into one of the very oldest of our West Country families—that of the Bulteels of Flete. In the days of his prosperity Lord Revelstoke was a director of the Bank of England (whose Governor saved the fortunes of his house), but he resigned his seat on the Board at the time of his reverses.

Is British Columbia to be a second California, Australia, or South Africa? That is the vital question which at the present moment is doubtless exercising the minds of that noble army of rolling stones who rush off—or are shipped off by their friends—to any distant portion of the earth where gold, silver, or precious stones make of that particular slice of the world a veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground. Canada, at any rate, appears to imagine that there is no doubt as to the richness of the valley in Alaska, and fears that the rush of Yankees to the sacred spot will swamp those who have a more natural right to the yet-to-be-discovered riches. The question has already been asked as to whether American immigration cannot be restricted. Such restrictions are, however, opposed to the spirit which has guided England and English Colonies, and one is reminded of Tom Robinson's exclamation in Charles Reade's stirring story, when he and George Fielding came upon the band who were bent on secretly exploiting the earliest of the Australian gold-fields. Says the impressionable ex-thief, "Gold! Gold! Gold! I have found it. I, Tom Robinson—I've found it, and I grudge it to no man. I, a thief that was, make a present of it to its rightful owner, and that is all the world." And all the world took advantage of the invitation, and every civilised nation was represented on the Australian gold-fields, as, I suppose, it will be wherever the precious metal is found, except, perhaps, in the cold fastnesses of Siberia.

Warrington has celebrated the Jubilee by presenting the freedom of the borough to five leading townsmen. The scrolls were enclosed in caskets (manufactured by Elkington), which were oblong in form and of handsome and massive appearance, the corners embellished with Cupid



figures, the sides and cover set out in panels decorated with repoussé in various degrees of relief. Upon the cover appeared a well-executed representation of the borough arms in enamel, and on front and reverse were respectively placed, also in enamel, a portrait medallion of the Queen and the crest and monogram of the recipient, each of these being set in a handsome shield with Cupids as supporters.

Professor Flinders Petrie has once again secured material for a very interesting exhibition of Egyptian antiquities, which is now open at University College. Men of science and theologians are greatly exercised in their minds because of the discovery of a fragment of the "Logia" of Papias. I am not greatly exercised in my mind about these various results of a year's work in Egypt, but I was greatly exercised in my body by walking on a blazing afternoon to see the relics. Papias, to whom I have so learnedly referred, was, I am informed and do believe, a gentleman known to the Apostles, who wrote a valuable book which was afterwards lost. The translation of the papyrus leaf has now been issued by the University Press, but nothing very startling has been discovered. There is, however, in the present exhibition much that will interest the man in the street. He may see numerous ornaments that were worn in the time of the celebrated King Snefru, whose son built the great Pyramid of Ghizeh. If the reckoning of learned men be right, these ornaments are six thousand years old, and accordingly existed more than three hundred years before the Creation, according to Jewish Chronology. One only

requires learned men and the aforesaid Chronology to be together correct, and the interest attaching to the various amulets, necklaces, and bracelets becomes more than usually great. It is then time to wonder whether Eve was like some of the women of Central Africa, who find in a necklace as much clothing and ornament as climate and vanity require. An opinion on the matter from those qualified to express it would be received with pleasure by many who take an interest more or less intelligent in relics of bygone days and the foreign customs of the hour.

The most interesting exhibit is the coffin in the second room. To be more accurate, the contents of the coffin are specially interesting, for it contains a disjointed skeleton. Once again I must correct myself, for the interest is not so much in the skeleton as in the theory of Professor Petrie as to the original causes of the mutilations. The learned Professor opines that the Egyptians in very olden days ate the more nourishing portions of their dead in order to get the intellectual attributes of the deceased. The idea was not theirs, but borrowed from even earlier African tribes, whose custom was to eat the marrow of a deceased hero's bones. No wonder that Mother Earth warmly denies, through the medium of Jewish Chronology, that she was even in existence when these nasty customs are alleged to have taken place. Ladies who have lived a certain, or rather, an uncertain, number of years are properly particular about references to their age, but no one of them ever had so good a cause for complaint as poor Mother Earth. I have often thought it is a pity that our great men take their gifts with them to another world, where those gifts may be of no use; but if the essence of genius is in marrow, I prefer to remain as I am. However, the Egyptians were a wonderful race, and nowadays people are eccentric, so it is impossible to say that Professor Petrie may not have given an impetus to the crowd of people often met in town who have all the appearances of genius and only lack the divine spark. Who shall say that the "ghouls" of whom one reads in the "Arabian Nights" are not things of the future as well as of the past? My paragraph ought to put a premium on cremation.

Bath House, Piccadilly, built in 1821 by the first Lord Ashburton, on the site of a far older Bath House, the residence of the Pultneys, has passed into the hands of yet another millionaire. Of late years this historic mansion has not remained long the property of any purchaser. The late Mr. Henry Brassey bought it, and lived but a short time to enjoy its fine rooms and its delightful position. Another rich man, the late Baron Hirsch, then became its possessor, and in a brief while he too was summoned to a world where, as far as we are aware, fine houses and gorgeous furniture find no place. Now Bath House has found another master in Mr. Julius Wernher, who is a partner of Mr. Beit, and the decorations of this mansion, and perhaps still more its most charming illuminations, during the late Jubilee were among the features of Piccadilly. It seems strange to see gardeners at work in this great thoroughfare, but this unusual sight has been observable during the last few days at Bath House, where, as far as one may judge from the garden-seat of a 'bus, they have been making a terrace-garden on the flat beneath which (I imagine) are the kitchens or other offices of the mansion. To see turf being laid there had an odd effect from the street. Mr. Wernher's numerous friends will unite in wishing him a longer and more prosperous tenancy of Bath House than was enjoyed by either of his wealthy predecessors.

Camille Pissarro, the veteran impressionist painter, has just left England. He came to London two months ago, from his country-house at Eragny, near Gisors, and stayed with his son at Chiswick. In the surrounding country the old painter was often to be met hard at work, and doubtless many people wondered who the white-bearded, white-haired artist might be. Two or three days before he left I spent an afternoon with him and saw the work he has done since he arrived. It includes two very bold studies of a cricket-match in progress on the grounds of the Hammersmith Cricket Club. These two works are full of life, movement, and atmosphere; they take the onlooker who knows the game into the very heart of the contest, and the surroundings are suggestive of an English summer at its best. There has been a very successful exhibition of M. Pissarro's works in America during the past three months, and I believe that other exhibitions for Paris and Belgium are on the tapis. M. Pissarro is an indefatigable worker, and does not seem to consider any day complete in which nothing has been attempted or completed. Yet he finds time to keep in touch with the rapid progress of French and English thought and literature and to take a keen interest in social questions of the day.

At a time when the relics of the Battle of Culloden are being dispersed, the last remaining link that unites the present time with that long-past event has been removed by the death of William Robertson, gardener and poet, and one of the most interesting figures in Broughty Ferry. As a servant in his early youth to the chief of the Macdonells at Glengarry, Robertson had frequent intercourse with Owen Macdonell, at that time a very aged man, and held in great respect by his clansmen from the circumstance that he had fought for "Royal Charlie" at Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden. Robertson was also acquainted with other two Macdonells—the Black Forester and Red Forester, so named from the colour of their hair—each of whom had followed the banner of the Prince to the fated moor. In later life, Robertson, who had attained at his decease to the advanced age of ninety-four, was gardener on the estate of Baliechin, in Perthshire, the mansion-house of which has of late been the subject of unusual interest in psychical circles.

Bisley has been unusually interesting this year on account of the variety of the shooters—the Colonial contingents having contributed not a few—and of the use of the Lee-Metford. The "Imperial" competition justified its name for the first time by the inclusion of all branches of the Army serving at home or in India and the Colonies. None of the Indian native army were entered, but one of the cavalry contingent which acted

fortunes of the electoral contest from returning to it in 1895. Since then Sir George Trevelyan has retired, and now Mr. Mundella is dead. These two statesmen were old and interesting figures in the Liberal Party. They were men of conviction, true "Gladstonians" in devotion to their great leader, and yet faithful to a creed which prevailed before the days of cynical Opportunism.

Mr. Mundella entered Parliament at the same time as Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—the year 1868, when Mr. Gladstone first grasped the reins of power as Prime Minister. The other ex-Cabinet occupants of the front Opposition bench are comparatively new men. Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. Bryce took their seats first in 1880, Mr. John Morley walked down from his editorial room in 1883, and Mr. Asquith looked in from the Bar in 1886. So rapid have been the changes on the Liberal side that Sir William Harcourt is now the only occupant of the front bench who was in the Cabinet formed in 1880 by Mr. Gladstone. New men have pushed most of the old men aside. Mr. Mundella, however, might have held his place among the second rank of statesmen for a long time. Having retired from the late Government, he took a back seat at the opening of the present Parliament, but, on the invitation of Sir William Harcourt, he returned to the front bench, thus resuming his share in the counsels of his old colleagues.



SUBADAR MAHOMED BEY SHOOTING AT BISLEY.

Photo by Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

as Queen's escort at the Aldershot Review went to Bisley as a visitor. Subadar Mahomed Bey, of the 1st Madras Lancers, was certainly the most striking personality on the common; his blue and gold turban, kharki tunic, laced with silver and girdled at the waist by a brilliant scarlet kummerbund fringed with gold, kharki breeches, and blue putties, made a uniform which set off to perfection his soldierly figure. He could not resist the temptation of joining with his English comrades in some of the competitions, and in these he showed that he was more than an average shot. The Victorians who won the Kolapore Cup included Private Walker, whose achievements at home I dealt with the other week. The superiority of the Lee-Metford has been proved beyond doubt. With the Martini-Henry the Volunteer who could run on seven consecutive bull's-eyes "off the knee" at 200 yards performed a feat which made him a marked man. In the earlier competitions no fewer than five competitors secured the full score of 35 at this distance. There were about two dozen men who got registers of 34. Totals of 33 were as plentiful as blackberries, and scores of 30 were positively of no account. Accuracy of shooting was much more pronounced at 500 yards, where nearly one hundred "possibles" were put on. It is, of course, a matter for congratulation that the British Army possesses a weapon which shoots so accurately as does the Lee-Metford, and it is equally gratifying to know that the picked marksmen of the Volunteer force have attained such skill as the scores denote with a weapon which was partially issued to them only the other day. Yet, strange as it may seem, the high scoring which is being made with the Lee-Metford is a matter of very serious import, for men will not journey, perhaps hundreds of miles, to a rifle-meeting on the off-chance of winning the trifling sum of one pound with a score of 92.

The front Liberal bench has lost a remarkable number of its occupants during the last few years. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Arnold Morley were prevented by the

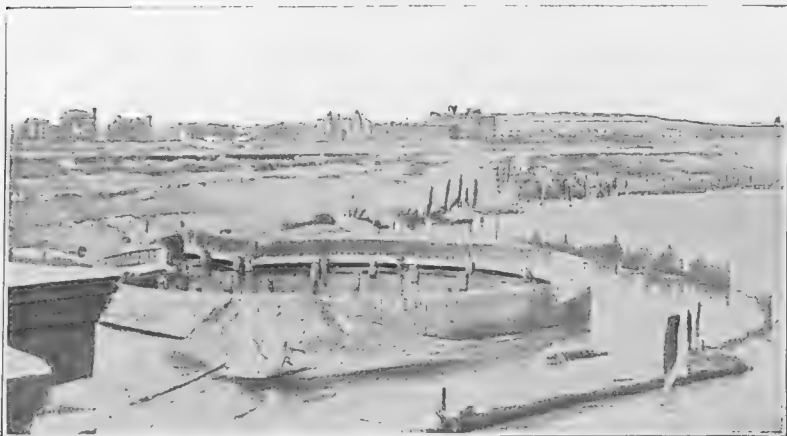
home a point by thumping the box. Among members of the present Cabinet, Mr. Chaplin adheres to a practice which Mr. Gladstone popularised before Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith introduced the precise style, in which so much depends on a phrase or an inflection. Mr. Mundella's method was forcible rather than finished, and when he applied Cobden tests to new problems with the zest and loudness of a platform orator, the young Tories tried to reach a still higher note in their interruptions. He was a favourite butt of the Fair Traders and Protectionists. But Mr. Mundella was so frank and good-natured that such controversies left no sore feeling behind. A few minutes after a sharp skirmish with his Sheffield opponent, Sir Howard Vincent, the two men might have been seen laughing together in the Lobby.



PRIVATE WALKER, OF VICTORIA, AT BISLEY.

Photo by Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

To anyone who visited the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 the scene which now presents itself is heartrending. Once the scene of gay throngs and beautiful buildings stocked with treasures of all kinds, it is now a picture of wreckage and dreary desolation. The commissioners



WHAT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION SITE IS LIKE TO-DAY.

have been singularly remiss about clearing the grounds and replacing the site in the same condition as before the great show; but, as there is no urgent demand for the ground, there are no loud complaints. The picture gives some idea of the present appearance of the ground.

Mr. James Payn, in his last "Note Book" in the *Illustrated London News*, gave us, with characteristic humour, something of his views on smoking, and he embellished his article with many humorous stories of the light in which smoking has been viewed by ecclesiastics. It will be news to many of Mr. Payn's readers that there is a church near London where smoking is permitted; that church, I understand, is at Stratford. But it will be news, I imagine, to Mr. Payn himself that the pipe is in some places within the British Isles an actual religious symbol. When I was visiting Connemara two or three months ago, I found an interesting relic of folk-lore customs among some of the inhabitants. Whenever a man of the village is buried, his friends and neighbours place their pipes on his grave, duly filled with tobacco. Not content with this, they renew both pipes and tobacco from time to time. There are at least two churchyards near Leenane, in Galway, where you come across grave after grave decorated with pipes. This must, of course, be a variation on the old practice of placing food and drink in the dead man's coffin; but that a practice such as that, and also keening, should survive to the end of the nineteenth century will be a surprise to the matter-of-fact people on this side of the Irish Channel. The photographs I give on the opposite page, by Mr. Welch, of Belfast, will interest many besides archaeologists and folk-lore students.

Some months ago, when, through the kindness of a friend in Samoa, I was able to describe the somewhat forlorn appearance of Stevenson's lonely mountain-grave in the Southern Seas, I expressed the hope that I might give the famous novelist's innumerable admirers a picture of the spot where "Tusitala" was laid to rest. In the time that has elapsed the monument designed to mark this place on the wind-swept height has reached Samoa and been erected. The inscription on it is the familiar epitaph, "Under the wide and starry sky," in English and Samoan.



STEVENSON'S GRAVE IN SAMOA, SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION IN SAMOAN

Photo by J. Davis, Samoa.

As I was writing of primitive burial customs I received the accompanying picture and note from Swatow. As you may know, the Chinese hoard their money to ensure a substantial and conspicuous monument over their last resting-places, and great honour is always paid to them. The land is one vast graveyard. This is especially observable in the South, where the hillsides are simply studded with monuments of the departed for scores of generations back—

At Foochow (says my correspondent) so crowded is the condition that the remains are exhumed from the family grave to make room for the last who has "handed in his cheques," and they are placed in earthenware pots, some three feet high, which form a curious spectacle, dotting, as they do, the slopes and summits of the hills. Foreigners know these things as *potted ancestors*. The graves often occupy very beautiful and conspicuous positions, in common with temples, and are the places usually chosen by foreigners for their excursions abroad in the picnic line.

For the present, however, these primitive graveyards are likely to be undisturbed in the South of China, for the plague is raging there, especially in Formosa, Foochow, Amoy, Swatow, and Macao; the mortality at Foochow alone has reached 40,000—

This terrible disease seems to baffle all efforts to stamp it out. Indeed, the Chinese themselves, with their usual apathy, take no means whatever to combat it. The same insanitary condition of the streets and houses prevails—stink and filth everywhere. The excrement of the sufferers is thrown out on to the fields to manure the crops and vegetables. Hong-Kong and Shanghai have escaped so far, and are taking precautions to shut their doors against the deadly foe. Where the Treaty Ports are concerned, sanitary regulations, even to quarantining, will be enforced; but the arm of the foreigner is not long enough to reach into every Chinese city. A town or a village becomes infected, there is a scare, and the people bolt, with the germs of the disease too often in them. It is difficult for the people to believe that the afflicted is really dead till



A CHINESE GRAVEYARD.

decomposition sets in, and it does that mighty quickly when in these months temperature never goes below 82 degrees. A posse of foreign police were some days ago at Hong-Kong searching native houses for sufferers, and they entered a place where seven or eight men were squatted playing cards. That seemed at first sight a healthy crowd, but the eye of one of the constables noticed that one of the players made no movement on their entering. His cards were in his hands, and from outward appearances he was closely studying them. The officer moved to him, put his hand on the body, and it fell over—supine. It was a victim of the plague, and the relatives, desiring to keep the body, had devised this means of deceiving the inspectors.

The graves at Danes' Dale, near Driffield, have at last been opened, and, as anticipated, the occupants were found not to be Danes. The corpses were all in the curled-up manner of the ancient British fashion, and belonged to a pre-Christian age, as shown by the position of the heads. Instead of being naked barbarians, it is conclusively proved that they were advanced in civilisation, buttons and well-made implements and weapons being found. A beautifully enamelled bronze pin was also discovered, and this is to go to the York Museum. The date of the burial is supposed to be at least a thousand years before the Conquest. That these Ancient Britons believed in immortality is proved by the presence of a chariot-wheel tyre and the bits of horses, these having been placed there for the use of their owners in another world.

An ingeniously barbarous piece of child-torture, never consummated, of course, is the very latest thing in theatrical sensationalism. The villain binds the hero's little boy's bare foot to an anvil, and is on the point of burning it with a red-hot horseshoe when his devilish purpose is frustrated. In a mediæval romantic drama, shortly to be produced, and bearing the attractive title of "The Golden Serpent," the progress of the Black Death in 1349 is to be depicted.

A CONNEMARA GRAVEYARD.

Photographs by Welch, Belfast.



SAALRUCK OLD GRAVEYARD, SHOWING HOW TOBACCO-PIPES ARE LAID ON THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD FOR POSSIBLE USE IN ANOTHER SPHERE.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falcons, fly at anything we see."

Do the public take much interest in the relations between authors and publishers? A writer in the *Quarterly Review* threatens authors with a revolt of readers, who are to be so shocked by the commercial spirit of literature that they will flee from the book-stall as from a plague. Inspiration, you understand, ought to be the whole joy of authorship; so the poet or novelist who grinds the face of his publisher, and revels in paragraphs about the huge sum paid for his new book, may lose his hold over the great soul of the people. You may see stacks of unsold copies at the bookseller's, and, when you ask why the work is not going off, receive the disquieting reply, "Our customers refuse to touch it, because they say it reeks of the publisher's heart's blood." The public are not so sensitive about any other commodity. Fortunes are made out of soap without prompting us to a solemn league to abstain from washing because the greed and affluence of certain manufacturers are constantly noised abroad. But the genius for literature is a gift of heaven which ought not to be dragged in the mire of commerce; and therefore the authors who drive hard bargains with their publishers must prepare to find their books unsaleable. The public will have no more of the poetry and romance which are produced solely for the sake of dress.

This prospect seems reasonable to the *Quarterly* reviewer, who has an exalted ideal of authorship. To be a true author, you ought to have an original message, and publish it at your own expense. Banish the gross idea of living by your pen. The ideal author is a man of independent means who yearns to enlighten the world. Gibbon, we are reminded, was in easy circumstances; so was Landor. Remember these examples, and disregard Shakspeare, who began life as a hanger-on at a theatre, not much better than the tout who, as you emerge from the playhouse, cries "Keb or kerridge?" Take no heed of Dickens, who combined imagination with a remarkable faculty for business; nor of Scott, whose dominant motive was to build a huge family mansion; nor of Tennyson, who never disdained the full market value of his wares. Another *Quarterly* precept is that, before you become an author, you must be "a man," qualified to stand the test of candid biography. If Scott had never written the "Waverley" novels, his life would have been edifying, though why, in that case, anybody should have written it I do not know. Shrink from the heresy that there are writers who, with nothing edifying in their lives, have contrived to be immortal. Villon was little better than a cut-throat. Poe was scarcely intent on being "a man." Verlaine, one of the most exquisite of literary artists, hovered capriciously between sin and salvation. The *Quarterly* reviewer takes no account of such persons. Of that literary art which consists in the impersonal observation of life, and has given some great names to the world of letters, he does not appear even to have heard. In his judgment, you ought not to be an author unless you start as a prophet and as a candidate for edifying biography.

Still another precept is that, if you exhaust your message in a single volume, you should write no more. Having done your work in literature for the moral advancement of the human race, you should choose your biographer, and make your will. With the ample income of the heaven-born author, you can devote the rest of your days to landscape-gardening, or the collection of old prints; but if you must earn your livelihood, do not sink so low as to haggle with publishers. They are commercial men, but you are a child of the gods, with a message; and if nobody reads it, you must resist the temptation to make money by trying another vein. The *Quarterly* homilist is good enough to say that he would not have you starve; he even compromises so far as to suggest that your bargain with a publisher should be "moderate." But why not starve? Think of the glory of it! Some enterprising interviewer would soon tell the public how you were subsisting nobly on fourpence a day, because your devotion to literature would not permit you to debase it by writing readable books. The conscience of the nation would rise and compel some apathetic statesman to grant you a pension from the Civil List in recognition of your disinterested services to mankind. You would extinguish the lantern of Diogenes, and eclipse the proverbial fame of Job. Your example would bring down prices, and subdue the skipping spirits of the Authors' Club to that humility and contrition to which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has tuned his hymnology of the barrack-room for the edification of his countrymen.

This speculation is scarcely more arbitrary than the rebuke which is sometimes addressed to novelists who do not cultivate the obvious moral. The heroine of Mrs. Steel's "In the Tideway" marries a hereditary drunkard.

She discovers his disease by accident, and the horror of it stimulates a dormant passion for a man she knew before her marriage. She leaves her husband; but, instead of passing through the slough of the Divorce Court, she is engulfed in a quicksand, like the Master of Ravenswood. This ending is rather like an evasion of the problem; but how does it justify the criticism that the author has abandoned a "neurotic" woman to her own devices? "Neurotic" is becoming a meaningless epithet, flung at every woman who does not conform to the strict usages of conventional morality. Lady Maud Wilson, it seems, ought to have devoted herself to her husband, brought his children into the world, and handed on a lineage of drunkards to the admiration of moralising posterity. In such a case, to propagate disease by the observance of legal obligations is to maintain the standard of wifely duty. It is of no consequence that the woman has been drawn into this position by deception. It is better that she should suffer than that scandal should be made by the breach of her marriage vow. As for her children, Mrs. Steel's critic does not consider their future, and the pleasing social relations they are likely to perpetuate, as worthy of his notice.

This is precisely the critical attitude which stimulates the spirit of revolt in the growing individuality of women. What sort of justice proclaims an indissoluble moral bond between a wife and a dipsomaniac? How can you keep in decent repair a social system which is made dependent on barbarisms of this kind? Women will gird at it, without the neutralising intervention of quicksands, just as they laugh at the philosophy of Admiral Maxse, who, in reprobating the Women's Jubilee Dinner, remarks that "a good woman" remains "obscure," unless she happen to possess beauty, which suffers the misfortune of inevitable publicity, especially in the appreciative eye of the quarter-deck. Moreover, the criticism of Mrs. Steel is based on an assumption which is artistically unsound. There are so many "neurotic" ladies about that the novelist, especially the woman novelist, is expected to preach at them, and, instead of painting life as the writer sees it, to invent a simulacrum which shall teem with moral lessons. How would Shakspeare fare if he were writing plays now? What would be said of "Othello," in which malignity is triumphant, innocence is smothered, and blind magnanimity cuts its own throat, prompted to the "rash act," as the coroner's jurymen would say, by temporary insanity? No wonder Jack Falstaff was created by a dramatist who died without leaving any biographical assurance that he was "a man"!

Mr. Gladstone was once held up to odium for saying that the English character needed discipline. Mr. Kipling has written a hymn to remind us that England needs "the humble and the contrite heart." We have been puffed up by the Jubilee, by the naval display at Spithead, by the speeches of Colonial Premiers; so the biographer of Mulvaney pitches a chastening roundelay. Heaven forbid that I should ridicule Mr. Kipling's conversion; but is it not a little sudden? Is there anything in the annals of the Salvation Army to match this dramatic penitence? What does Mulvaney say to it? What is the opinion of those eminent warriors, Messrs. Learoyd and Ortheris? The soldier who chanted—

Oh, ship me east of Suez, where the best is as the worst,

Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst!

—I should like to hear him on the subject. Other desirable witnesses are the men who swam the river at Lungtungpen, and paraded stark naked in the captured Indian village. What would they have said if their commanding officer had celebrated the occasion by reciting Mr. Kipling on the wickedness of the "frantic boast, the foolish word"? Who was it warned us that Tommy Atkins cannot be expected to conduct himself like a plaster saint? And what does Tommy think of his guide, philosopher, friend, annalist, and bard, now this prodigy has added saintliness to so many less celestial qualities?

The trouble is that "the humble and the contrite heart" is not characteristic of our race. It was not an Elizabethan attribute. Cromwell's Ironsides were sincerely religious; but their religion was a strident, intolerant belief that the Almighty was a Puritan. Not many years ago we were told by the advocates of "a spirited foreign policy" that British interests would justify the arbitrary seizure of any "place of arms" to which we took a fancy. Is that policy dead? I read lately in an evening paper, unused to the religious mood, that Wellington's troops in the Peninsula, described by himself as the "scum of the earth," were inspired by the justice of their cause. Was it justice or superior devilry? Did "the humble and the contrite heart" help Clive and Warren Hastings to make an Empire? Hymns, no doubt, are sweet and decorous; but, contrasted with the deeds of a great and masterful people, they are apt to excite the mirth of the poor heathen foreigner.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

All Professor Saintsbury's characteristics are to be found in his newest contribution to criticism, his monograph on Sir Walter in the "Famous Scots" Series (Olipphant). His air of knowing all about it, of having met with your point of view long ago, and considering, if not sharing it, his very genial way of being superior, his admirable taste, his sterling sense of justice, his jauntiness (of the academic pattern), his sensibility to romance, and his stickling for the importance of the critic—all are here, and they give a more individual flavour to the book than is possessed by any of the others in the series. There is no room, and there is no material, for a new general estimate of Sir Walter. We are all agreed. He has gone up in public honour and affection since we have known what the Journal had to tell us; that is all. But Professor Saintsbury is not the man to repeat generalities, and his monograph is of distinct value. The best of it is the fresh, unconventional criticism of the separate works, a series of admirably bright and energetic and independent reviews, many of them so upsetting to the average judgment respecting their subjects that no better incentive to a re-perusal of Scott can be imagined. And that, after all, is the main purpose of books of the kind. I hasten, but with something like terror, to read again "The Bride of Lammermoor," to see if my old admiration stand convicted of being nothing better than a debased love of melodrama. But the criticism is far from being destructive of Scott's fame, only of conventional opinion on particular works. It is a fine eulogy on Scott, and on all those of his kith and kin who endeavour in life to "love all good literature, to temper erudition with common sense, to let humour wait always upon fancy, and duty upon romance."

The habit of republishing old books without particulars as to their former appearance is pernicious. "Castilian Days" (Lane), by Mr. John Hay, the author of "Pike County Ballads," was written a quarter of a century ago, but till we reach the last page we find no acknowledgment of the fact. Of course, we discover it for ourselves at the beginning, for the chapters are full of political references. Since this very cultivated American lived in Spain, much less has been written about the country, but his æsthetic impressions are still pleasantly readable; and the political chapters, written under very different conditions from those of to-day, are curiously interesting. But perhaps he would say the conditions are only superficially different. Monarchy, he held, was dying most surely in Spain in 1870; a Republic held the only hope of safety. His last chapter on this thesis is worth a re-perusal at the present date.

Among our lighter story-tellers Mr. Julian Sturgis is gradually taking a high place. He has unusual talents for amusing the more cultivated portion of light readers. He has gaiety, refinement, a very comprehensive knowledge of the life of to-day, very wide sympathies, and a real sense of fun. The personages of the time that are material

for other people's satire, because of their unconventionality or their emancipations and enthusiasms—especially the women among these—he makes friends with first, before amusing himself with them, and he makes friends for them, too. His latest story, "The Folly of Pen Harrington" (A. Constable), is quite worthy of recommendation. Holiday readers may depend on its sympathetic and its entertaining qualities. I confess I am a little tired of the type of the hero; and I am not sure that I believe in him. In any case, he is the spoilt darling of novelists just now, the simple, strong giant who has toiled and laboured in remote places of the earth—generally Africa—who is all innocence

and all generosity, and who shines up so brightly against the selfish and sophisticated persons of London society. I don't myself think that Africa is very good for the morals. But let that pass. At least, Pen is a very breezy person, and in all her unconventionalities Mr. Sturgis is her sturdy champion. Then there is a Duchess, and there are the Bobbys, the cestatic, obliging, out-at-elbows, purring, affectionate, desperately circumstanced Bobbys. Read the book for them and the Duchess, all three really excellent puppets of comedy.

Our general interest in Greece at this moment, albeit a cold-blooded one, gives a certain timeliness to Mrs. Edmonds' version of "The Stepmother," by Gregory Xenopolous (Lane). But perhaps it is a rather tactless thing to translate modern Greek stories unless they happen to be historical novels. Judging from the examples that have appeared, fiction is as yet meagre and ineffective, and, put into another tongue, and thus commanded to represent its own country, the poor thing has a burden forced on it it cannot bear. Mrs. Edmonds seems to think that readers who have been either students or tourists in Athens must hail "The Stepmother" as a fine picture of the fair city and its interesting inhabitants because some streets are called by their own names and mention is made of a person or two who actually lived there. On the side of "actuality" it makes no pretensions: it offers itself merely as a study of sentiment in conflict with duty, of a young man's love for the woman his father has chosen for his second wife, and the behaviour of the personages concerned under the circumstances. Its merit is that the situation is treated, if not with strength, at least with great refinement. There is no particular Greek taste about it at all; it might come from any country where the relations between parents and children are intimate and gentle. To us, then, it is only one of many hundreds of fairly pleasant

stories that can be read by cultivated persons, and as such we could do without it. It would be better, from the Greek point of view, that we should do without it, for since it is no strong revelation of national characteristics, and cannot compete on general grounds with modern masterpieces, it somewhat unkindly and not quite justly points to poverty in a direction where the national energy and genius have, as yet, made no great efforts. And the same remarks apply equally to a good many translations of the day from other languages than modern Greek. Yet the constant occurrence of these stories in English translations points to a certain market for this class of fiction. o. o.



AN UP-TO-DATE MERMAID.

Photo by Falk, New York.





A.L. Bowley-

THE SPIRIT OF
THE WATERS

OTTER-HUNTING.

The pursuit of the otter is a sport of which the world hears little, though, as a matter of fact, the number of packs of otter-hounds in the kingdom has increased steadily in recent years. Otter-hunting can never rank with the chase of the fox or hare, and for many excellent reasons. For one thing, it is the purest of sport and the hardest of work; also it is a sport of summer, when there are many other things to do, and the number of streams on which the otter can be hunted with any success is comparatively limited. In deep waters the otter is safe; and even under the conditions most favourable to hounds—that is, in streams not too wide, where shallows abound—the quarry has a very excellent chance of beating his foes. Foxhounds are most commonly used, but the Dumfriesshire pack consists almost entirely of Old English otter-hounds, rough-coated “varmint”-looking dogs, with great pluck, splendid nose, and speedy enough to try the most active follower to the top of his powers. Courage is very necessary in the otter-hound, for *Lutra vulgaris* is a foe not to be despised at any time, more especially after a long chase, two-thirds of it swimming, when the quarry is fresh compared with hounds.

very sight of which would make the chairs in Hyde Park rise and walk away on their own iron legs. The utmost stretch of indulgence could not call it a gay throng: it is recorded that an M.O.H., who had been asked by a half-hearted sportsman anxious to be correct, “What is the uniform of your Hunt?” replied with eloquent brevity on a post-card, “Rags”; and if you turn out in your very oldest clothes you will not be wrong.

Five minutes’ law for late-comers, and the Master gives the word to start; a water-bailiff, it appears, reported an otter somewhere up-stream yesterday, so hounds are to be sent to water above the bridge and draw up. There is none of the joyous dash and drive of foxhounds; one or two of the pack throw their tongues in perfunctory acknowledgment of the huntsman’s voice, and away we go at a dog-trot along the bank, scrambling, splashing, and slithering as the track compels. The hounds, noses down, are intent on business, drawing every little thicket, mass of disrupted rock, and every flash of sand in the shallows. Now and again there is a whimper, but the rest don’t confirm it, and on we go again. At last, a doubtful whimper, then another and another, each louder and more certain, and then a crash of hound music—otter-hounds have grand voices; they have “opened on a drag,” and away



WITH THE OTTER-HOUNDS.

It goes without saying that Master, huntsman, and “field” follow on their own legs; the surest-footed pony would be at a loss to find his way in the wake of hounds on Welsh or Devonshire streams; moreover, it is against custom and tradition to ride; if the nature of the country would allow it, there are the growing crops and other agricultural interests to be considered. Being a summer sport, the meet is fixed between 6.30 and 9 a.m., for hot sunshine is fatal to scent—pardon, fatal to the drag. Otter-hunting, like every other sport, has its own terminology. *Lutra* does not leave “scent,” but “drag” or “trail.” An otter has never been “viewed,” much less “seen,” by a self-respecting follower of hounds; if the animal appears within your vision, you “gaze” it. An otter swimming under water sends up “bells,” not bubbles, and he “holts” instead of “going to ground” like a fox. One word more of warning ere we start. Should you observe the tell-tale round footprint on the mud or sand, proclaim the discovery as the “scal.” I need hardly warn you to avoid the obvious and time-worn pun when among men carrying stout iron-shod staves. To speak of the seal as an *ottergraph* might produce consequences fraught with pain and regrets.

Well, the hour is 7.30 a.m., on a dull morning, with just a suspicion of breeze. The hounds are on the bridge, and Master and honorary huntsman are discussing the alternatives of drawing up-stream or down. Some seventy or eighty men in knickerbockers and nailed boots are assembled, and no fewer than five ladies in short skirts, and boots the

they go, towling along the bank as hard as they can lay legs to the ground. The river bends sharply a bit higher up, so we turn our backs on the water and cut across the fields to nick in. The next bend goes the wrong way. Come along! Ugh! it’s cold wading to the waist at eight on a sunless June morning. Current too strong? What’s your pole for? Properly used, it’s as good as another leg. Never mind the water in your boots; we must run for all we are worth if we are not to lose hounds. Stay! There’s the huntsman’s hand up: he has gazed the otter in the pool yonder. Now we shall see sport. The quarry has had enough of land travel, and has taken to water in a reach about one hundred yards long, with a shallow stickle at either end. The field “man the stickles” to try and prevent the otter escaping, while the pack work him up and down the pool. It is hard work for hounds in four feet of water, and the odds are five to one on the otter. Now we see only six couple of heads leading ripples that mingle and break; now there is a movement in the long grass on the bank, and we catch a momentary glimpse of a slimy black something swiftly shuffling to dive in noiselessly above hounds. Two good hours of this, and we, shin-deep in the brawling stickle, are growing chilled? Eh? The otter has risen in shoal water, and hounds are on him! A furious splashing and plunging, broken by a sharp yelp or two, and as we come up the Master wades among the pack to hold aloft a fighting dog who will mark twenty-seven pounds on the spring-balance. c.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Report of the South African Committee is out at length, and most people seem a trifle disappointed by it. The mountain has evolved the proverbial mouse. But one may doubt whether anybody really looked for any very sensational disclosures. In the words of the traditional Irishman, the Report "didn't come up to our expectations, and, to say the truth, we never thought it would." There was very little to find out about the Raid, which had been conducted generally with an altogether absurd absence of the necessary secrecy. The points of interest were, first, the extent of Mr. Rhodes's share in the business, and, secondly, how far the impending outbreak was known or guessed at by the Colonial Office or by Imperial officials. These have been cleared up in very much the way that most men could have prophesied beforehand.

It remains only for those who have hoped and craved for the sensational and the compromising to cherish a fond belief that the few telegrams not yet disclosed may contain awful revelations concerning Mr. Chamberlain or somebody. The messages which Mr. Rhodes's solicitor could not, as a professional man, disclose without disgrace are supposed to be suppressed in deference to the views of persons in high

enough foundation for an elaborate indictment of the whole British nation. We are getting used to these indictments. There is perhaps some excuse for German writers who assume that the voluble Miss Shaw is the secret agent of the Colonial Office. The relations between journalists and very much higher persons in the German Empire are, as the Tausch trial has reminded us, extensive and peculiar. When a Foreign Minister is upset owing to an intrigue connected with an obscure police and press agent, it may look as if the Colonial Secretary of another nation might very well have committed himself through a similar channel.

On the whole, the Commission has added to the reputation of no one concerned. Mr. Rhodes has confessed to an almost inconceivable levity and lack of right feeling in dealing with serious matters. On the other hand, he has shown an easy superiority to Sir William Harcourt's blustering style. The revolt and the Raid, more closely examined, have given up a fresh wealth of general incapacity; two Government officials are shown to have been culpably reticent, and the head of the Colonial Office has cleared himself from suspicion of complicity at some expense to his reputation as a sharp man. And Mr. Labouchere has achieved an exposure of himself which would have made a sensitive man go home



A BATHING-LESSON.

position, whom they link with the Raid. Such is the view hinted in rather a nagging and niggling way by foreign journals published in London and elsewhere. It may be a pity that these telegrams could not be placed with the others. That they could add anything to what we know is improbable. That they might contain assertions of opinion on the part of their writers that the Colonial Office was in sympathy with Jameson is possible; but the question arises—What are such assertions worth? Proof is what we want.

If Mr. Rhodes had been spared or shielded in the Report, the suspicion of a "deal" between him and the Colonial Office to keep certain matters dark might be warranted. But the whole onus of the conspiracy—except its final fiasco—is thrown upon him. He is the villain of the piece, which has no hero. If he has documents or evidence compromising Mr. Chamberlain, now is his time to produce them. He cannot make his own position worse than it appears in the Report. If he continues to try to suppress his telegrams, the obvious inference is that they are destitute of importance or of corroboration.

The German papers, of course, in their ingenuous way, take the statements of the rather tropical Flora of South Africa as gospel, and dismiss her subsequent explanations as immaterial. But this is because they are German papers, not because they believe the telegrams in question. The imaginative messages of a lady journalist are quite good

and drown himself in the nearest ditch—not on any grounds of moral regret, but simply for having committed so hideous a blunder. The best that can be said of the Report is that it ends up a bad business somehow.

However, one cannot say that the government and diplomacy of other States make a better figure than our own. Europe, apparently united and in earnest, hammers away, ambassadorially, at the Porte, and the Porte takes no notice, because, though any one of the Powers might batter in the door, none of them likes to begin. And the newly installed Ministry of the United States apparently wants to maintain the reputation for ignorance of diplomatic methods which its predecessor so successfully acquired. It is quite possible that the terms of the Behring Sea Award did not afford sufficient protection to the precious seal herds; it is a matter for argument whether more stringent rules should be devised; but Secretary Sherman's despatch seems to be, on the face of it, a marvellous *tour de force* in the way of spoiling a fairly good case. The imputations of bad faith, in particular, come with execrable taste from the representative of a Government which has evaded the payment of the moderate compensation given to British subjects by the Award. It is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury will seize a favourable and perfectly safe opportunity of exercising his epigrammatic style at Mr. Sherman's expense. If the United States want to annex islands, like mere European States, they must conform to the ordinary courtesies of international life. Otherwise—they will be simply past Behring.

MARMITON.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

The opera season is fast drawing to a close, and with its waning Madame Melba has sung for her third and last time. It has been delightful indeed to hear this charming singer, who in her own line has no rival, but it cannot be denied that it would have been more delightful to hear her in more varied rôles. One performance of Juliette and two of



MADAME ADINI IN "DIE WALKÜRE."

Photo by Nadar, Paris.

Marguerite surely do not sum up Melba's operatic capabilities but it cannot be denied that, if she persists in thus limiting herself to parts so few, there will be a tendency on the part of the public to take less and less interest in her dramatic appearances. This is an unmixed pity. I understand that Melba's face is for excellent reasons set against the interpretation of the more arduous Wagnerian rôles, Brünnhilde, for example; but surely the parts of Elisabeth or of Eva should not be included in what may be, after all, quite a reasonable prejudice. Yet here we go on, year after year, listening to Melba's Marguerite or Juliette or Gilda or Lucia, and never getting any further forward. It is because of her excellence, her supremacy in her own line, that one's disappointment over her stationary position so far as opera is concerned is all the more keen. The other night it is true that her Marguerite was perfectly sung; in her hands the Jewel Song took upon itself a new quality of brilliance and character; like the hero of its own drama, it became young again, and exchanged what may fairly be called its aged raiment for shining garments; again, in the prison scene she sang superbly. These, doubtless, are great achievements; but she has done them greatly so many times before that it is impossible not to experience a certain impatience over such persistence and such determined constancy to a single ideal.

Last week the performances of the two Mozart operas that Covent Garden has given us this year, "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," were commented upon in these columns, and since then both operas have been repeated. Upon the second occasion "Le Nozze" was even better than on the first. Madame De Vere's Susanna had gained greatly in power—she had, as it seemed, successfully gauged the capacity of the house, so far as it suited her voice—and her acting had marvellously improved both in humour and in ease. Madame Eames' Contessa could not be an improvement, but it was as perfect as it had been before. One thinks that one could never tire of hearing such singing as her "Dove Sono." The rest of the cast was as before, and sang with the same excellence. "Don Giovanni" had not improved upon the second occasion of performance, but, on the other hand, it had not gone back. Madame Adini proved again, if any possible doubt could have existed upon the point before, that she must leave Mozart severely alone. If Mozart's be the music of the future, she must be emphatically warned to stick to the music of the present. As the Brünnhilde of "Die Walküre" she has made this year something not unlike a success. She has a certain passionate sincerity in her acting, which, though its method is altogether

out of place in the part of Donna Anna, is not without dramatic significance in the Wagnerian rôles; and her more robustious vocal method has its value here, where she is not called upon to use her distracting piano notes, which quiver like one stricken with the palsy. No; if you have a weakness, there is no physician like Mozart for finding it out; he lays everything bare with almost painful completeness; you cannot gloss anything over or take things for granted. And for this reason Madame Adini, who has powers for good, but who also has weakness, had better bid good-bye to Mozart for the future, and repeat old Wagnerian successes. Lastly, in regard to this performance of the "Don," it would be well indeed if the orchestra would seriously try to take this most delicately difficult score seriously. They think that it is easy; they never made a greater mistake.

Madame Adini is an American, born in Boston. But she left it at the age of four, and, after spending her childhood with her aunt in Florence, she was educated in Paris. M. Vannuccini, of Florence, was her first singing professor, but subsequently she went to Paris to study under Madame Viardot, and, as her voice was then a light soprano, she made her début in "Dinorah." For a few years she sang the lighter rôles in Italian Opera on the Continent and in America, but, later, she decided to go to Paris for further study under Sbriglia, making her reappearance there at the Grand Opera in Massenet's "Le Cid," the same season creating the part of the Duchess d'Estamps in Saint-Saëns' "Ascario," as well as singing in "L'Africaine" and being chosen for the Donna Anna at the Mozart Centenary. After remaining in Paris for five years, she was persuaded to accept an engagement at La Scala, in 1893, and there created several parts. While there, Madame Adini was specially engaged for a Wagnerian Concert at Bologna, which was so successful that it had to be repeated.

Mr. Lemprière Pringle, who has done excellent work this season, was born at Hobart, in Tasmania, in 1869, and in 1887 he came to England to study singing at the Royal College of Music, where for two years he studied under Professor Visetti. In 1889 he went to Frankfurt to complete his vocal studies under Professor Stockhausen, and while there he also studied harmony and counterpoint under Herr Humperdinck, composer of "Hansel and Gretel." Lemprière Pringle has himself written some very clever compositions. Returning to England in 1891, he was engaged by the directors of the Carl Rosa Opera Company as one of their leading basses, and during the five years that he was with them he filled no less than fifty-seven different rôles. He has only recently returned from a tour in Canada and America with Madame Albani, where he achieved very great success and became



MR. LEMPRIÈRE PRINGLE.

Photo by Langflier, Glasgow.

extremely popular. Probably he will go to Stockholm in August in order to open the new Opera House of Italian Opera, and upon his return to England he will rejoin the Carl Rosa Company as principal bass. Lemprière Pringle has sung at several Mottl concerts, and twice before the Queen at Balmoral, and he will very likely tour again with Madame Albani in the autumn.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Racing in Sussex was almost as big a function for the upper classes at the beginning of the century as it is now, and the Brighton and Lewes fixtures have attracted the leading spirits of the Turf for a greater number of years than most people imagine. From an old diary I gathered some vivid descriptions of the sporting characters who attended the Brighton meeting in the time of the Prince of Wales who was afterwards George IV. The Prince's costume consisted of "a green jacket, a white hat, and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes." Our own Prince would look a trifle peculiar in such a garb, which will, I daresay, also be the exclamation of people four generations ahead when discussing this age.

If Goodwood still flourishes and waxes more popular with the years, its Stakes has fallen upon evil times. This race was established in 1823, and soon became one of importance to owners, so that for many years good entries and fields and good betting were its usual accompaniments. The late Alec Taylor was exceedingly fond of securing this race for his patrons, and he succeeded to a marvellous extent. For Mr. Stirling Crawford he won it three years in succession, and had it not been for a misunderstanding he would have scored a fourth time in the following year. However, in a few more years Alec sent out four successive winners, commencing in 1886 with Winter Cherry and ending in 1889 with Ingram, the intervening victories having been scored by Carlton and Stourhead.

I was not surprised to hear that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had decided to strike Persimmon out of the Goodwood Cup, as the horse did not run any too well at Sandown Park, and it may be that the hard going at Newmarket has shaken him somewhat. The time has, I think, arrived when the Stewards of the Jockey Club should institute summer gallops at headquarters. Irrigation works could be erected, and the track might then be made as perfect as a cricket pitch at the Oval. Some critics assert that there is not sufficient soil on top of the chalk at Newmarket to carry much water, but I differ with them.

Our old nobility are not the liveliest patrons of racing just now. Lord Lurgan owns very few horses, and the Duke of Portland seems to have tired of the sport. Lord Zetland has very few horses in training. Lord Rodney does not own racers now, neither does Lord Gerard, nor the Earl of Rosslyn. The Duke of St. Albans has seemingly tired of playing the part of owner, and the Duke of Montrose has only two or three platens now. Lords Londonderry and Dunraven play the game very mildly. It is, therefore, lucky for the Turf that the big financiers and cycle magnates support it so freely.

The Bank Holiday race-meetings take place at Hurst Park, Ripon, and Birmingham. Mr. J. Davis expects a record crowd at Hurst Park, and the racing should be interesting; but travellers by rail may be slightly inconvenienced owing to the large number of holiday-seekers who will go to Hampton Court. I think the Hurst Park Meeting is now sufficiently established to command its own line of railway, which could easily be built from the Surbiton branch to the Park gates. Then there would be no room for delay, and personally I do not believe even in special race-trains putting poor holiday-seekers or business-men to inconvenience at any time.

CAPTAIN COE

THE THEATRICAL REGATTA.

The Theatrical Regatta decided at Barnes last Sunday week resulted in a win for the Gaiety No. 2 crew, Terry's coming second, and the Adelphi behind them. The race was rowed in three heats. In the



THE GAIETY CREW.

Photo by A. McKenzie, Alice Street, S.E.

consolation race the St James's boat came in first. The Theatrical Regatta is young as yet, but it excites a good deal of attention among actors, whose recreations now include most conspicuously the ancient game of golf, which, strange to say, did not thrive at all on the stage in the case of "Jane Annie," at the Savoy.

WHERE TO GO ON BANK HOLIDAY.

The Brighton Railway Company will run a fourteen-day trip by their Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, on Saturday morning, and also by the express night service on the evenings of July 29 to Aug. 2. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London, July 29, 30, and 31, by the direct route, *via* Newhaven and Ouistreham, available for return on any week-day within fourteen days, and to Dieppe on July 30 and 31 and Aug. 1, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce cheap day-excursions on Sunday and Bank Holiday to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Walmer, &c. Special trains will be run to Hayes, Blackheath, Greenwich, Gravesend (for Rosherville Gardens) on Bank Holiday. A cheap excursion will be run to Boulogne on Saturday, returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. On Bank Holiday a cheap day-excursion will be run to Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., returning from Boulogne at 7.50 p.m. same day, or 12.30 a.m. following morning. Cheap tickets to Paris will also be issued, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only), Saturday, July 31, Charing Cross and Cannon Street depart 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m., July 29 to Aug. 2. Tickets available for fourteen days. Cheap tickets to Brussels, *via* Calais or *via* Boulogne or *via* Ostend, will be issued for eight days.

The London and South-Western Company will run special excursions to Exeter and other stations in the West of England, leaving Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. on Friday, the tickets being available to return following Monday, Saturday week, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight following the day of issue. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued to Guernsey and Jersey from Waterloo at 8.55 a.m., in connection with a boat leaving Southampton at 11.30 a.m., reaching Guernsey about 5.30 p.m., available to return following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday week, or Monday fortnight. Similar tickets will also be issued by the 9.35 p.m. train from Waterloo. Cheap excursions will also run on Saturday to stations in the West of England, North and South Devon and North Cornwall, Dorset, Hants, Isle of Wight, &c. Cheap tickets will be issued on Sunday to Portsmouth, Midhurst, Isle of Wight, Windsor, Virginia Water, including an excursion to Southampton and Portsmouth for a trip round the Island.

Cheap excursion trains will be run by the Midland from London on Friday night, July 30, to Scotland for four or nine days, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Ayr, &c., for eight days, by which trains third-class return tickets will be issued at a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued to Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, &c., and excursion tour tickets to the North of Ireland on Friday, July 30. On Saturday cheap excursion trains will be run to Leicester, Nottingham, Melton, Birmingham, Walsall, &c., returning the following Monday or Thursday. On Monday day-trips will be run to Southend-on-Sea, St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, Kettering, and Leicester, a one or four days' trip to Birmingham, and a two days' excursion to Manchester. Cheap season excursion tickets are now issued each Saturday until Sept. 25 from London (St. Pancras) to Matlock, Buxton, Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, Lytham, St. Anne's-on-Sea, the Isle of Man, the English Lake District, &c., available to return in three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days.

The Great Western Railway Company will run in duplicate the 11.45 a.m. and 3, 6, and 9 p.m. trains to the West of England, the 1.30, 4.45, and 6.50 p.m. trains to the North, and the 12 noon train to South Wales. To-morrow excursion passengers will be booked to Cork and Killarney at 3.35 p.m., and on Friday, July 30, at 4.45 p.m. to Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c., and at 6.10 p.m. to Limerick, Killarney, and other places in the South of Ireland. Fast excursion trains for the West of England will leave Paddington at 10.10 p.m., and for South Wales at 12.25 midnight, on Friday, July 30, and at 7.55 a.m., 11.5 a.m., 12.40 noon, and 10.10 p.m., on Saturday, July 31, for the West of England. Excursions will also be run on Saturday, July 31, to Bath, Bristol, Dorchester, Isle of Man, and other places served by the Great Western System. In addition to the weekly excursion trains to the West of England and Weymouth Districts, an excursion train leaves Paddington at 8.10 a.m. every Saturday during July, August, and September, for Shrewsbury, Llanidloes, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Harlech, and other stations in North Wales for three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days. Passengers are also booked every Saturday to Guernsey and Jersey, *via* Weymouth and the short sea-passage to the Islands, by the trains leaving Paddington at 8.50 a.m. and 9.45 p.m.

The Zealand Steamship Company's steamers cross to Flushing, *via* Queenborough, twice daily in both directions. The actual sea-passage by the new twenty-one knots night steamers is done in two and three-quarter hours. Berlin is reached by the night service at 7 p.m. (M.E.T.) instead of 8.28 p.m.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have arranged cheap trips to Brussels and its Exhibition by the accelerated Harwich-Antwerp service. Two of the company's finest and quickest twin-screw steamers have been placed on this service, which, until Sept. 12, will be on Sundays as well as week-days. On Saturday, July 31, special cheap return tickets, *via* Harwich, Antwerp, and Brussels, will be issued to Berne, available for a fortnight. By the company's Harwich-Hook of Holland route, short, inexpensive holidays can be spent in Holland and Germany, special facilities being offered for visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Cologne, and the Rhine, &c.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

One would have thought that, in this year of abnormally keen competition, bicycle manufacturers and their agents would have vied one against another with an extraordinary amount of zest, in order to increase their sales; but such, apparently, is not the case. A week or two ago an acquaintance wrote to me from abroad. "Will you, at your leisure," he said, "buy me five 'male' bicycles, the very best on the market, and get them sent out here as soon as possible? They are for friends of mine whose heights and walking-weights are as follows. . . ."

Accordingly, I strolled into the office of Messrs. A. one day last week and said, with an almost needless amount of civility, that I should like to see some "A" bicycles suitable for a man about five feet ten inches and weighing some eleven or twelve stone. Nearly five minutes elapsed. Then a youth with a pipe in his mouth lounged out of the office and remarked that I could see the machines there before me if I cared to look at them. Three dusty bicycles stood before me. These I had already examined. How soon would he have others that I could see? I asked. He smiled compassionately. Really, he did not know. Some *might* be sent in during the week; on the other hand, I might have to wait a month, possibly six weeks, before I could see any more, or could be supplied with one. The demand for the "A" machine was simply enormous, he added. I bowed and retired. During the afternoon I made inquiries at the office of another agent for the "A" machine. As the prosperous-looking manager advanced, the ground seemed, as they say in the States, to "tip up behind him." He could not say how soon he would be able to supply me; "A" machines were so much in demand.

I went to the office of the "B" machine, another bicycle that I know to be an excellent one. "What is the cash price of your very best 'B' machine?" I asked. The clerk was afraid he did not know. The list price was thirty-eight pounds, but he believed that 25 or 30 per cent. would be "knocked off" for ready money. He knew nothing whatever about the machines, he as much as told me, or whether this, that, and the other were extras or not. At the office of the "C" machine a "perfect gentleman" came forward. He did not cycle himself—his tone implied that he drove nothing less than a team—but he believed the "C" machines were very good indeed. Of course, the sale of cycles was not his regular line of business. He personally attended solely to —, &c.

The agent for the "D" machine said that he would be glad to take my order. But he, too, knew nothing about the bicycles, not even their weight. The demand for them was so great, he insinuated, that if I did or did not buy, one would not signify in the least to the company. I entered the office of yet another very well-known firm. As I crossed the threshold an attendant hastened forward. What grade of machine could he show? The very best? Certainly. Then and there he wheeled one forward. It was not for me personally? Then he would be pleased if the intending purchaser could come personally and see the machine in order that he might be fitted, also that he might feel satisfied with it before completing the purchase. What? The intending purchaser was abroad. That was a pity. But I had his measurements? That was fortunate. Perhaps I should like just to try the machine myself? In the school? With pleasure. The lowest cash price at which the "E" machine could be supplied was twenty-seven pounds, all included. Carriage to the Continent would be extra. That price would suit me, I said, and I should need four more at the same price. How soon could I have them? Almost immediately, he thought; but he would wire and make sure. The reply came back, "Within a week." Then and there I sat down and wrote out a cheque for £137.

Of course, £137 more or less is not of much consequence to a large firm, but, certainly, it is a drop in the ocean, and I should, without a doubt, have bought five of the "A" or "B" or "C" or "D" machines, had the agents shown the least interest in their business. One does not wish to be pestered to buy, as some haircutters pester, for instance; but nowadays, when there is so little to choose between the best machines of the five or six leading English makers, depend upon it a small amount of civility, the display of a small amount of interest—in short, a small amount of *tact*—makes a great difference in the sales. I have promised next week to buy for friends three ladies' first-class machines, and I know now where to go for them.

Indeed, I firmly believe that one reason that American machines sell so well over here is that the agents have a sufficient amount of "cuteness" to see at a glance that their customers object to being treated in the off-handed, "take-it-or-leave-it," sort of manner adopted by the agents of certain English firms. Had I told either of the first four English agents of whom I made inquiries last week that five machines were required instead of one, or even that I was connected with the newspaper press, no doubt much more trouble would have been taken then and there. But that is not the sort of civility needed. What we want is a display of common civility to ordinary customers. Now, all the agents of American firms—all whom I have as yet come across, at least—have been more than ordinarily obliging and painstaking in every way.

The relation between the unprotected female cyclist and the ferocious tramp has become a topic of correspondence in the daily press, and the ingenuity of man is being exercised over the invention of defensive and

offensive armour for the protection of the timorous lady. I am much impressed by the suggestion of one writer who would like to have a sort of scythe affixed to the hub of the hind wheel, after the fashion of Boadicea's chariot, which could be raised or lowered at will, and make matters extremely unpleasant for the legs of the too-obtrusive vagrant. Now consider, apart from the weight of this murderous weapon, the consequence of the "catch" coming loose while you are gaily coasting over a rough pavement, and the scythe dropping across pedestrians' feet, or coming in contact with your new Dunlops! The result, gauged by a police-court standard, would prove more serious than the result either of furious riding or an unlighted lamp, and the lady would presumably regret her rash investment. This reminds me of a story which has appeared in some of the papers concerning five foolish virgins who forgot their lamps when out for a long ride. A summons was promptly served upon them, and they were cited to appear in court on a certain day. Being obliged to leave the district before the day appointed, a polite letter was written, signed, and despatched to the presiding magistrate, pleading guilty to the charge, but commending themselves to his worship's mercy. Deaf to their tender pleading, however, the hard-hearted administrator of justice fined them ten shillings apiece and costs, and I doubt not that these foolish virgins have now come to the conclusion that in riding without lamps, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

Miss Helen Horne is the president of the Mimiro Cycling Club, of Dunedin, New Zealand. As you will note from the photograph, she has adopted a neat style of costume.

I have lately enjoyed a most pleasant and amusing cycling tour with two friends. We have done it comfortably and easily, and have certainly been favoured with most deliciously warm summer weather, and nearly all the way we have had beautifully clean roads. Starting on a Thursday morning from the primitive little village of Austwick, which lies between Settle and the picturesque village of Clapham (in the West Riding of Yorkshire), we rode through Ingletton straight on to the quaint old town of Kirkby Lonsdale, where we lunched and rested for a couple of hours, and sauntered about the curiously narrow streets, which



MISS HELEN HORNE.
Photo by Morris, Dunedin.

look as if they had not been touched for fifty years or more. The scenery here is quite beautiful, and well worth seeing, especially crossing the Devil's Bridge, before you enter the town. Even here I espied a small shop in which were some pretty-looking bicycles. After our long rest we started refreshed, and rode straight through to the lovely and sheltered village of Grange, situated on the northern shore of Morecambe Bay, embowered in woods. We stayed the night at Rigg's Hotel, which we found very comfortable. Being perched up above the little town, it commands a lovely view across the bay. We found several other cyclists besides ourselves at the hotel—a party of ladies evidently travelling alone, and enjoying themselves immensely. The next morning, instead of starting at once, we wandered about, and the road being far too hilly to make cycling agreeable, walked out to see the old village of Cartmel, where there is a very ancient Priory Church which is well worthy of a visit. Returning to our hotel, we had lunch, and again mounted our iron steeds and rode on to Windermere. This road is very hilly—indeed, a sort of switchback most of the way—but as we neared Windermere we met a greater number of cyclists. Between Windermere and Grasmere the numbers increased, and the roads were much better. The scenery certainly is quite lovely, reminding one greatly of North Wales. I noticed several very good lady riders—one especially I noted. She sat well in her saddle, and wore a black skirt and brilliant yellow silk shirt, with a black tie, her yellow straw hat being trimmed with black ribbon and upstanding black quills. The whole effect was certainly smart and exceedingly neat. We had a good lunch at the Prince of Wales's Hotel at Grasmere, and returned to Windermere for the night. I forgot to mention that just before we passed through Ambleside I noticed a very large and well-built "bicycle-stable." On this tour there is every convenience provided for one's machine. From Windermere we took a short run to Kendal, and then back to Clapham, through Kirkby Lonsdale. Having thoroughly enjoyed our trip, I hope that many of my readers will follow in our footsteps. I am sure it would be worth their while, as it is both a short and exceedingly easy run.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

GOWNS AND GROUSE.

In anticipation of the glorious Twelfth, country-house parties are now the crux of conversation, and Goodwood once over there will be a general stirring up in the shires next week. From Homburg, Aix, and Ostend I have dolorous documentary evidence of the abnormal heat, and thank the gentler fates that have laid my autumn lines in more green and shady places. It requires better than ordinary energy, in fact, to



RED ALPACA TUCKED SKIRT AND BODICE.

face the perpetual dressing-up of smart Continental watering-places after the abnormal rush of such a Season as this has been. Not but that one has grateful recollections of these and other pleasant pathways of the London aftermath. What would one do, *par exemple*, after eight weeks of dinner-parties, or "guzzling," as an acquaintance has euphoniously put it, but for that recuperative little town of the Taunus where the Louise Bad and other healthful though fizzy springs help to restore the balance of hygiene which a too expansive visiting list annually disturbs. But for all that, it is good to get straight into the cool and restful byways of a country house, where one may play at Phyllis even in a Paris blouse, and Strephon be none the worse for a Poole-cut shooting-gear. The mere mention of garments, masculine or otherwise, recalls the important matter of the *demi-saison* wardrobe, than which no more perplexing subject of cogitation occurs, not even excepting one's bills and how to pay them. It is distinctly a matter of the mightiest moment to be suitably equipped for the autumn outing, wherever that may be, yet how few accomplish it! Soiled Season fineries undergo the furbishing process with somewhat imperfect result usually, and the blouse, with its first bloom off, figures but semi-successfully at local garden-parties. Now the first commandment of the country house is a supply of perfectly fitting shirts, which are necessarily made to measure. Then followeth the tailor-mode or two of light texture, supported by one of tweed for keener mornings. I have had this sketch copied from a gown in crimson mohair just before it was despatched to a historical French château, where, at the moment, the cream of French and English *ton* doth merrily assemble. It is a model of forthcoming styles, and as such may be usefully made a note of by the many in search of an autumn novelty. Red, besides being a favourite and fashionable colour, looks less voyant and more picturesque in the country than elsewhere, and the neat "tuck" by which our grandmothers laid such store redeems this gown from the commonplace which all smart women naturally shun. The bodice, similarly treated, has becoming

arrangements in white silk, also tucked horizontally; the front is in vertical folds. A waistband to match finishes acceptably with a dull-gold buckle. The hat should be either Tyrolean shape in black felt, trimmed with white ribbons, or one of the new Tam-o'-Shanter shapes which are so becoming when caught up in the proper folds as a skilful milliner can twist them. Sun-pleated skirts, made quite short, are also rightly considered the ideal outfit for moor, trotting, or mountain-climbing, as the case may be, and from a well-bestowed touring-trunk just about to start for the Grindelwald a charming woollen *crêpon*, made in tan-colour over taffetas to match, was disinterred for my plaudits, which it undoubtedly deserved and obtained, moreover, very fully. The sun-pleats of this skirt commence below the hips, being hung on an upper part of the tan silk, beautifully shaped and ornamented with tan and gold braid laid on in a zigzag design, quite covering the silk. A little pointed chemisette of cream stitched muslin, easily adjusted and replaced, makes a becoming addition to the bodice, which is blouse-shaped, and made of tan silk and overlaid, like the skirt yoke, with zigzagged braid. A cape of light tan cloth, trimmed to match, and lined with rose-pink brocade, gives a cosy addition to this smart yet eminently useful autumn travelling-suit. A frock of the ever-useful blue figured foulard should be absolutely included in the most modest after-season's outfit. Its use is undeniable, its appearance sufficiently smart yet quiet for the most opposing occasions, and its cost is never as alarming as the present very ornate muslin gown on one hand or the more frankly extravagant silk on the other.

Peter Robinson's invaluable sale I investigated this week with some friends who, bent on recruiting their wardrobes, unearthed the most surprising bargains at the most surprising prices. There was, in particular, a charming foulard gown, striped with a darker shade of satin, and figured with a white Japanese pattern. A sun-pleated skirt over rustling taffetas to match was kept in countenance by a blouse-shaped bodice, also accordion-pleated, opening prettily over a narrow vest of cream point d'esprit on white glacé silk. Turn-down collar of white taffetas, adjustable like the vest, summed up its charms, which were exchanged for an absurdly inadequate figure. Another foulard, also annexed at the same sale, was of white spotted with black, made up on white taffetas. Two narrow flounces of black lace trimmed the skirt, and gatherings of the same lace showed on the blouse-bodice in a double row from tuck to waist, fastening at left side.

At the bicycle paper-chase inaugurated by a certain well-known bachelor last week some of the shortest frocks were sported that have yet appeared at this side of the Seine. Are we coming to the knickerbocker, then, all insular prejudice to the contrary? Certainly anyone who caught glimpses of the paper-hunt, which started up-riverwards from Richmond Park last week, might have had reasonable grounds for the supposition. Very long boots meeting very short skirts of tan-coloured cloth were worn by two smart sisters, and another, this time a young married woman, with the reputation of being able to do anything gracefully, wore a navy-blue mohair costume which by courtesy might be said to possess a skirt, but which was, in reality, a short tunic coming just, and only just, below the knee to meet with well-fitting gaiters which

suggested and enclosed most shapely calves. I have little doubt, indeed, that time will prove the acceptability of *jupe versus culotte* in town. Meanwhile many women do not hesitate to negotiate country roads in knickerbockers. Those wicked *vélophobes* whose chiefest pastime and pleasure is to strew the Queen's bicycling highways with tin-tacks will lose the enjoyment even of that innocent pastime shortly should the Griffiths puncture-stop really achieve all that is claimed for it. It



MAUVE AND BLUE.

is said that nail and thorn are laughed to scorn by this marvellous mixture, which, lying perdu in an inner tube, flies to the punctured part and seals it hermetically forthwith. The enemy of wheeling sport does not confine his aptitude for mischief to one particular place. Both from the roads about Killarney and the Forest of St. Germain I have had plaintive reports of nail-strewn paths lately, and now it would seem that some sportive alien has planted sharp-pointed nails set carefully on end along the broad, smooth road leading out of Homburg into the cool and shady Tannen Wald.

The "one week" at which Dublin is at its brightest, busiest, and best will be more than ever an occasion of light and leading this year, seeing that royalty is to illuminate the dear, dirty city with its unaccustomed presence, not to mention various potentates from afar, Colonial Premiers, Eastern monarchs, and so forth. The King of Siam will bring his cheerful presence to bear at Ball's Bridge, and among the toilettes which will receive fervent paragraphs will figure some of those which Lady Laurier ordered in her round of the Paris shops last week.

The trail of the growler is, at the moment, over every London street not possessing separate private carriages for its separate private occupants, for, though the rakish hansom is our only wear ordinarily speaking, there comes a compensating period of removals and exodus, when the staid and slow-going four-wheeler is the desired of every house-front. The unnecessary quantity of luggage indulged in by most people at holiday time is, by the way, a constant wonder to even the most ordinarily intelligent. To see porters and cabmen wrestling with the unwieldy, weighty boxes of astonishing circumference which load up the platforms at this time of year is a study. Too many clothes, like any other surplussage, become an oppression instead of a pleasure, and this particularly applies to the holiday period, when moving from one house or hotel to another is our common lot.

I had a coming-of-age present to bestow on a youthful relative quite recently, and despatched one of Alexander Clark's smart catalogues, with permission to choose—within limitations, it may be added—to the newly fledged "man" in question. He selected a "tour-case," as it is appositely called, giving place and to spare for the masculine outfit, while ranged round the sides were bottles, brushes, stationery, and toilet matters, neatly packed away so as to take up little or no space. The price was, happily, not so painful a matter as the magnificent appearance of this fitted suit-case seemed to threaten, and I hear that not a few of the Light Blues "up" with its proud possessor have favoured 188, Oxford Street, with commissions since then.

The Riverside Club, always a centre of gaiety, was particularly smart on Sunday, a good many of the elect lingering in in town having betaken themselves for the day to the rural reaches of Isis as he is at Maidenhead. The Club lawn looked quite a garden-party gathering, and smart gowns, many of which were destined to figure at Goodwood, made the trim lawns gay with colour. Miraculously pretty muslins, for which this Season has been particularly noticeable, made up over pink, green, or light-blue taffetas, figured frequently, and there was a black mousseline-de-soie, patterned with tiny steel sequins, through which brilliant cherry-coloured glacé silk showed most seductively. A blue and mauve taffetas, which made my *vis-à-vis* some evenings since at dinner, was pretty enough to be set down for reproduction in these pages, and here it is. A somewhat long blue skirt, trimmed on the left side with two narrow flounces of mauve tulle, starting at waist, running to the end of skirt, and then being continued round the edge, made a very pretty and uncommon style of ornamentation. The square-cut blouse, also blue, had braces of delicate ivory lace over mauve, which stopped half-way down to cross over fichu-fashion under the arms and around the waist behind. Small pleats of mauve mousseline-de-soie filled the centre of bodice, and the waistband of mauve silk was prettily fastened with rosettes, in the centre of each a turquoise and diamond brooch.

At the party in question an exceedingly soft and pleasant plan of lighting the table was obtained by the use of a new departure in fairy lights, which, for dinner-table decoration *pur et simple*, drives even electricity out of the field. The Cricklite lamp, so called from the works at Cricklewood where it is manufactured, is a species of greatly improved waxen fairy-light, having a cone-shaped glass cover over which are fitted variously charming varieties of small silk shades. Brackets, central chandeliers, candlesticks of silver or crystal, are made to carry these little lamps, which burn for six or twelve hours respectively, and give a softer, more becoming glow as wax lights invariably do, than any other form of illumination known. In country houses the Cricklite lamp will be hailed as the one thing needful so soon as its safe, simple, and highly decorative possibilities are known, while for dinner-tables in or out of town it is undoubtedly the light of the future. No heat, no smell, no trouble in lighting, the minimum of expense with the maximum of ornamental effect, and what more can hostess or *Hausfrau* desire? Descriptive appreciation, however sincere, pales, in fact, before the charming reality which Messrs. Clarke's Fairy Light stall presents to all visitors at the Victorian Era Exhibition, and if there were no band, no switchback, no wanderings in these halls of light at Earl's Court, it would still be worth a visit to the "Ducal Hall," where Clarke's invention is so brilliantly evidenced.

Just before bicycling came into vogue on this side of the Channel, we had borrowed another freak of fashion from France, and babies suddenly sprang into evidence ensconced in their Mamma's victorias. Every afternoon the Park lounge was surprised to see white-frocked nurses carrying bundles to match, chiefly composed of lace, with their backs to the horses, while the owner of this exhibition, with jaunty airs of modern motherhood, carried her maternal honours very gracefully on

the front seat. The wheeling mania abruptly put baby's nose out of this afternoon jaunt, however, and he, she, or it was promptly, and, as I also think, properly, relegated once more to the perambulator. This classic carriage has, meanwhile, undergone many modifications, and the baby-carriage of to-day, with its C-springs and smart equipment generally, is a very different matter to the ugly and ungainly arrangement of former fashions. Hitchings, Limited, of 198, Oxford Street, W., and 19, 21, 23, Ludgate Hill, the celebrated specialists in this kind of locomotive, have done much to elevate the popular conception of "baby-cars," as the Americans quaintly call them, and their exhibition includes so many charming and fanciful shapes that one is tempted to wish the carriage-builders would take a leaf from their picturesque catalogue and send out some more æsthetic styles of conveyance than the commonplace, if convenient, chariots of our daily airings. A specialty with Messrs. Hitchings, Limited, is their patent adjustable hood, which can be raised and lowered to any angle that best suits baby's convenience. A dainty carriage, the "Biarritz," covered in white or other pale-tinted leather, is illustrated here. It forms at once a full-length cot, or, when adjusted, a little landau-shaped contrivance for an elder child. Another invention conveniently disposes of two infants together, space being reserved for the smaller being to lie and the big brother to sit up. The Trouville Car, having an adjustable hood which can be fixed in any position, with dainty upholstery of palest blue and enamelled wheels to match, would make the prettiest possible present for godchild or grandchild, its price,



HITCHINGS' "BIARRITZ" BABY-CAR.

four guineas, being extremely moderate. Then there is the "Princess May" carriage, modelled on that which Messrs. Hitchings recently made for little Prince Edward of York, and a dozen other up-to-date contrivances graceful in shape and moderate in price.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILDRED.—(1) It is difficult to be "mistress of oneself though china fall," and the crash you speak of must have been a trial. It depends on the value of the service whether what is left would be worth replacing it. Take it to Osler's, of Oxford Street; they will advise you best. If it is Old Spode, they could match the rest, though this may cost more than one of their porcelain reproductions of Derby or Worcester, which are really handsome enough to shake all one's allegiance to old traditions. (2) If you are about to have your dining-room done up, by all means have a cross-beamed ceiling. It will be more in harmony with your oak furniture than the other form of decoration. Maple's would undertake it for you and do it well. They are very *au fait* at this sort of work. (3) Last, but by no means least, to "revivify" the white satin, drape it with ivory mousseline-de-soie overlaid with lace insertion; a wide-folded waistband and sash of pink silk will assist the transformation.

COLONIAL.—(1) I can give you two toothsome recipes, which should, as you suggest, vary the monotony to agreeable purpose. One is "Kabobs of Kidney," with sweetbread, an excellent luncheon dish. The formula begins with splitting and skinning four or five kidneys. Then blanch and cut in inch-thick slices, add two dozen button-mushrooms, or thereabouts. All three will be placed alternately on silver skewers, which hang on the spit before a bright, clear fire. Baste with sauce as follows: Three ounces butter, the same weight of sour cream, a tablespoon of rich gravy stock flavoured with salt, pepper, grated parsley, a dust of Nepaul pepper. This sauce, having boiled for one minute, use for basting the kidney kabobs, which when done lay on thin, crisp toast, and garnish with lemon, sliced. The second dish is a *vol-au-vent*. I admired it so judiciously two years ago when at Homburg that the chef at Ritter's, who invented it, presented me with the recipe in his best English, which, translated, goes thus: Make *vol-au-vent* case four inches high of light puff-paste; place a layer of eight eggs which have been carefully "scrambled" at bottom of mould, then a layer of stewed mushrooms, with pepper and salt to taste; over these, again, some more scrambled eggs, followed by another layer of mushrooms, and so on, until the case is full. Moisten with rich, thick stock, but not too much, lest the walls of pastry give way. Finally, put on the paste cover, place all in the oven, and warm through. Great care should be taken with the pastry that it is sufficiently strong and well baked enough to bear. I hope you will find both recipes useful. (2) Any dog-fancier would put you in the way of getting them. I saw two of the breed at the Ladies' Kennel Club Show last week; but they are rare in this country, and you would probably have to pay a "smart price."

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on August 10.

THE MONEY MARKET.

"The directors of the Bank of England have made no change in the rate of discount to-day, which remains at 2 per cent." We are getting tired of this monotonous announcement, but there does not appear to be much prospect of its being varied for some time to come. Some people talk about the probability of money becoming dearer in the near future, but when you ask them to assign reasons for the faith that is in them they woefully break down. Discount and loan rates keep at quite nominal figures, in spite of all the new issues. There are colonies hungering and thirsting for loans, but they are chary of coming forward just at present. We dare say that when the Colonial Premiers get home we shall hear something more about fresh loans. And there are one or two cases where such a proposition might properly be received with favour. Only let us be careful not to be led astray by the Imperialist feeling which the Jubilee celebration has engendered. Every loan issue ought to be dealt with on its individual merits.

DIORITE KING.

This is a Westralian mine which is coming into notice. We cannot say what its future will be, but those interested in it speak very favourably of its prospects, and the telegrams from the mine manager show that energetic work is being put in. The latest message up to the time of writing runs as follows—

Rough clean-up from 22 tons gave 180 oz. of gold. Grates for stamps too coarse, now engaged in obtaining fine. Our next clean-up will be about August 1. The mill has been running on high- and low-grade ore in their natural proportion. There is not at present much of a market in the shares, but they are coming into notice, and one or two jobbers of standing in the Stock Exchange have them in hand.

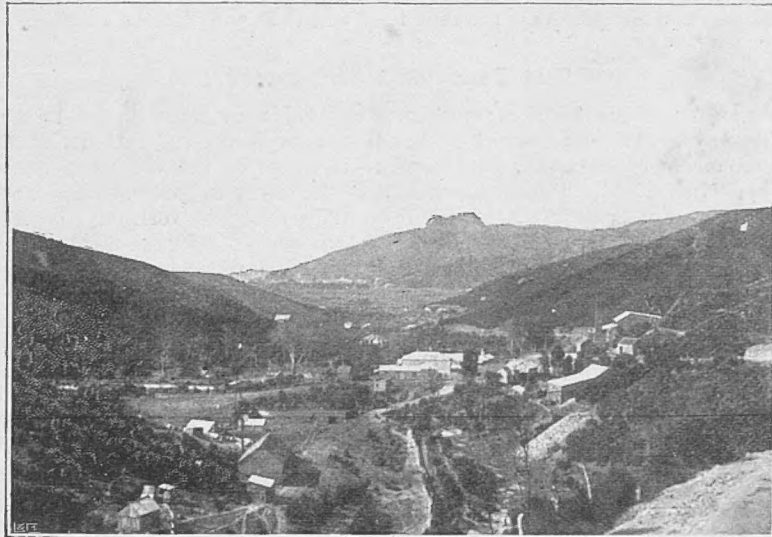
NEW ZEALAND MINING.

The following letter has reached us from our New Zealand correspondent, and deals with a group of mines in which considerable English capital is invested—

KUAOTUNO.

It can hardly be said of New Zealand that the English investor has carefully chosen the best mines; he has tumbled into some good ones by accident, but it has been sheer good-luck. A great deal of English capital has been sunk in Kuaotuno, but I wish I could feel as confident of its future as I am of some districts. I was, I confess, most unlucky in my visit. The Try Fluke and the Kapai Vermont were both in a somewhat awkward position. They had been getting good results and were at the end of the rich ore. The Mercury was also hard-up for stone which would pay to crush. A very fair amount of gold has been won from the big reef which runs down the valley towards the sea. Both the Kapai and the Try Fluke have paid well in the past—not from rich shoots or patches, but from a good big reef, which was rich on the surface and seems to have grown poorer at depth. The reef is in character very like most of the best reefs in the North Island, of loose, friable quartz, strongly charged with manganese. It is wonderfully even. The Kapai Vermont has the best chance of success, but the ridiculous coffee-mill can only treat about 5 cwt. an hour, and they were having some trouble with the cyaniding when I was there. The excuse made was that the charcoal got mixed up with the quartz and spoilt the cyanide—a theory which I take leave to doubt. The new company should open up their mine at the lowest levels possible and put up some machinery capable of a bigger output—the ore is not rich enough to pay dividends upon the present large capital; 5 kilns are used for roasting the quartz, and 8 cyanide vats, which will treat 22 tons. They claim that they get 97 per cent. extraction—which is doubtful. The Try Fluke adjoins the Kapai, and works upon the same reef; it

amount of gold, and should pay for development. It has a good mill and cyanide plant, but here again the lower levels are poor, and a deep level wants driving to test the mine at depth. If capitalised at a moderate amount it would be a fair mining gamble. All the Kuaotuno mines can be worked cheaply; the cost of mining and milling is about 25s. to 30s. a ton, which leaves a handsome profit on £3 stone. The Waitiai has been working upon another reef of a very different character to that mined by the Try Fluke. The ground is hard and the quartz like flint; 30s. would not go far in this block. The manager admitted that it cost £2 a ton to mine. A good deal of work has been done on the property, and I saw some fair stone, but I could not



MERCURY, LOOKING DOWN TO THE SEA.

say how much there was in sight, and the mine is a long way off dividends as yet. No. 4 level is the lowest and seemed to be also the richest. They are putting in a still lower level which would give some 400 feet of backs. The Irene is, I think, an English company now, and is on the Try Fluke and Mercury lode. The reef is low-grade but payable. It has been worked about seven years by a well-known local man, who got it for £1200. He managed to pay his way, but whether it will stand a big capital is very doubtful. There are other claims in the little mining camp, but none of them have anything to show. Kuaotuno might do fairly well if economically managed, but none of the ore is rich. The main feature of the big reef is that most of the richest stone is got in the big ore-chambers, while where the reef pinches the gold is lost.

Over the big hill is another mining country, which has not yet been opened up. It is called Mercury Bay, and a good deal of prospecting has been carried on, with little or no success. I spent four or five days riding over the spurs and looking in vain for payable reefs. I was shown some good stone which Maoris had brought in, but when I asked to see the reef I was always met with vagueness and promises. There are any number of reefs, but they have not been prospected up to the present. Had the boom continued, no doubt Mercury Bay would have been floated into dozens of companies. We have been saved all this. The Kauri Gold Estates have a huge acreage, some of which they are prospecting with the idea of selling to subsidiary companies; but really little or no true development work has been done, though they have a capable manager, and an honest one. With a good Board they may, in their large area, come upon a good thing. But New Zealand is not the land of sensational finds, but rather of hard work and disappointment.

EXIT THE SHEFFIELD.

From Aug. 1 there will cease to exist the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, and its place will be taken by "The Great Central Railway Company." It really makes no difference, but it will certainly be a handier name. "Saras," we suppose, will retain their old name until somebody hits upon a happy substitute. The final half-yearly report of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, under the title, is not a very encouraging document, and does not work out very harmoniously with the assumption of the "Great Central" title.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

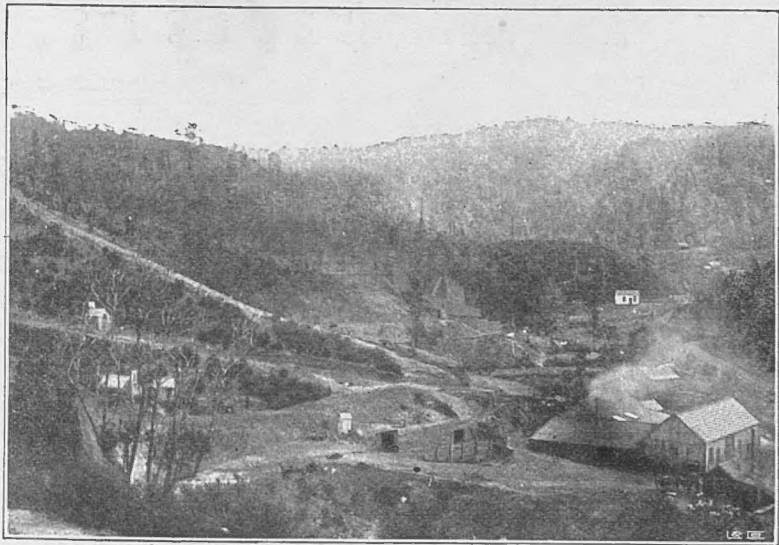
Most heartily do we congratulate the South-Eastern Railway Company on what is practically the passing of its Bill to sanction the widening of its line at and about London Bridge. The new works are going to cost well on to three-quarters of a million sterling, but the money will be well spent if it serves to clear the South-Eastern from the odium now attaching to it of being the least punctual railway in the United Kingdom. We recognise the difficulties in the way, but we are glad to believe that this Bill will meet them, and that, when the extensions are carried out, it will no longer be necessary for people to advertise: "Wanted, a house in the South of London. Must be on a gravel soil, and not on the South-Eastern Railway."

THE SOUTH-WESTERN DIVIDEND.

The market looked for a good dividend upon South-Western Ordinary, and it showed itself fairly well satisfied with the announcement of a distribution at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than for the corresponding period, while the carry-forward, which amounts to £23,500, is some £5000 better than last year. Considering that the company enjoyed a gross increase of £87,000, a very large proportion of which was derived from passenger business, the increase in the dividend is by no means surprising, since it only requires about £30,000 to make up the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

J. AND P. COATS.

One of the most successful of industrial companies established during recent years is J. and P. Coats. They have met and overcome the most



TRY FLUKE, KAPAI IN THE DISTANCE.

has a much larger acreage, though I am doubtful whether the increased area will ever be of much benefit to the company. At the lowest level the mine is poor, but I see no reason why, when lower levels are opened out, a decent-sized mill should not be kept going. Too high a price was paid for the mine, which was bought at the top of the boom. The Try Fluke, like the Kapai, wants a big mill, and I believe one is on order. Next to this mine is the Great Mercury, which belongs to a Sydney company, though I hear it may be floated in London when the market is good enough. This mine has also turned out a fair

strenuous competition, and they occupy what is almost an impregnable position. The rise in the shares from their par value of £10 to £68 10s. is a phenomenon for which it is difficult to find a parallel, unless it be that of Guinness stock. And there is every reason to expect that J. and P. Coats' shares are going to beat their record. People who ought to know say that the dividend which falls to be declared in October next will be £2 per share, making £3 for the year. And apart from immediate dividend prospects, there is the impending reorganisation of the capital, which, we imagine, will take the form of giving to the Ordinary shareholders fifty shares of £1 each for each £10 share now existing. The shares will thus become much more easy to handle, and the prospects are that they will thus still further advance.

THE BERWICK ANNOUNCEMENT.

Increased working expenses are noticeable in most of the Home Railway reports that have so far made their appearance, and the dividend announcement of the North-Eastern—the first of the big trade lines to publish its dividend—indicates that the Heavies generally are not likely to prove exceptions in this respect. Growth of working charges has, unfortunately, been one of the features of the North-Eastern for some time past; but it is probably unavoidable, considering the conditions under which the company works. For the past half-year the North-Eastern enjoyed the fine gross increase of £138,000, but it has only been able to increase the dividend upon the Consols by $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and, allowing for some growth of fixed charges, it appears that only a comparatively small proportion of this increase has been saved in net revenue. However, the shareholders may well be content with the increased distribution which will fall to them, although some may possibly have expected a still better result.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

Shareholders who have stuck to the Anglo-American Telegraph Company through good report and bad, even during that trying period when it was necessary to sink about half the Renewal Fund in laying a new cable, are at last beginning to reap their reward. The report for the first half of the current year is undoubtedly an excellent one. The receipts have gone up and the expenses have gone down, and the result is a gain to net revenue of some £9000. The dividend on the Ordinary for the six months amounts to £1 6s. 6d., an improvement of half-a-crown, and, of course, the preferred gets double that amount, while the substantial sum of £8500 is carried forward. The usual amount of £12,000 is placed to the Renewal Fund, in addition to nearly £10,000 for interest, and the fund now amounts to £695,000. Although some years must elapse before this fund can be brought up to its former figure of a million sterling, it is satisfactory to know that steady progress is being made in that direction. All the company's cables and lines, with the exception of the 1880 cable, which is now under repair, have been maintained in good order, and there is no reason to anticipate further trouble in this direction, although, of course, such things as Atlantic cables thousands of miles long afford plenty of scope for the chapter of accidents. There is good reason to expect that the company will do good business during the current half-year, more especially if, as is probable, there is a revival in the speculative business with America.

AMERICAN RAILS.

The Wall Street market still hangs fire, though there is nothing particular to depress it. The whole situation hinges upon the currency question. The capitalists as a body, and apart from their individual interests, are sublimely indifferent to the tariff question; but they are very keenly interested in the currency question. The reassuring effect of Secretary Gage's Cincinnati speech is passing away, and what is now awaited is some definite result of the pledge then given. The statistics concerning the American railways that have passed into the hands of receivers during the last six months are certainly not reassuring; but we may hope that at last the tide of liquidation has been partially stemmed. In all, nineteen railways, with 1314 miles of line, a bonded debt of 66,000,000 dollars, and capital stock of 85,622,000 dollars, have sought the quiet shelter of a receivership. This looks bad enough, but it is not so bad as in 1894, and not nearly so bad as in 1893, although the capitalisation involved is rather greater than that of last year. It is to be hoped that the current six months will show a great improvement in this respect.

SOUTH AFRICA.

We are promised a new series of letters from our Johannesburg correspondent, which we hope to lay before our readers during the next few months. We have no doubt they will prove of as much interest as the valuable contributions which, for the last two years, we have been able to present from time to time in our columns by the same able pen. In a private letter received this week our correspondent says—

Things here are looking much better, and, with the expected economic reforms, we are likely to have a continued improvement. Economies are being put in force all round, and, in some cases, there was great need. So far, the public appear to be wisely catching on to the better class of mines, leaving the "wild-cats" severely alone. If the Government put a tax on the dividends of the richer mines, it will be the poor or low-grade mines that will be the chief gainers by the forthcoming budget of reforms.

As these remarks were written without any idea of their publication, they appear to us to be of even more than usually encouraging nature.

THE LOWER ROODEPOORT, LIMITED.

To be a director of a "wild-cat" mine is not all honey, if you have to bear such stinging circulars as Mr. William Hopper has just sent in this case to his fellow-shareholders. The notorious Colonel Hughes-Hallett, once the chosen representative of Rochester in the Mother of Parliaments, is the Chairman of the Board, and, after his experiences when, upon great pressure, he vacated that seat, we suppose he is pretty case-hardened.

The Board has, it is true, just issued a feeble, abusive, and verbose defence, and after weeks of delay called the meeting which they were requisitioned to call a month ago for their own removal; while, curiously enough, a certain Mr. Victor E. Lawson, posing as the secretary of an affair called the Association of Mining Shareholders, Limited, has come upon the scene, and is trying to get proxies after the most approved fashion. We urge the shareholders to go straight for the removal of the gallant Hughes-Hallett and his colleagues, not to be caught by any interloping persons posing as independent, and not to be satisfied until the whole promotion and management of the company has been investigated by some of themselves.

GOOD INVESTMENTS.

We have repeatedly called attention to the Turkish 4 per cent. loan guaranteed by England and France as a cheap first-class stock. It pays 4 per cent., a coupon is due, and, with a security equal to Goschens, it can be bought at about 113. Imperial Continental Gas stock is another purchase which we have often urged upon our readers. We hear that the Vienna negotiations will result in a sum considerably over a million being paid to the company, and at 227 the stock will certainly prove a profitable purchase for those who want a good investment.

ISSUES.

The St. Lawrence Power Company of Massena, U.S.A., is issuing here \$2,500,000 6 per cent. gold bonds at £102 for each \$500 bond. The interest is payable on Jan. 1 and July 1 in each year, and Messrs. Matheson and Co. are receiving subscriptions. A glance at the first page of the prospectus is enough to convince the most sceptical that here at least they have a genuine concern. Coates and Sons and Faithfull Begg and Co. are jointly the brokers, Freshfields and Williams are the Solicitors in London, and Seward, Guthrie, and Steele in New York, &c. The company is going to cut a canal from the St. Lawrence River to a point on the Grass River and to utilise the water-power so obtained for making electrical power. Messrs. Kincaid, Waller, and Manville have made an exhaustive and valuable report, from which it appears that ample revenue will be available for the interest and sinking fund of the bonds.

The West Australian and New Zealand Market Trust, with Mr. Horatio Bottomley as chairman, makes its bow to the public, and invites subscriptions for 1,000,000 shares of £1 each. The objects of the company are so ably shown in its title that it is unnecessary to explain them further, and no doubt it will prove a great source of strength to the whole Mining Market. With Mr. Bottomley to guide its policy this company is sure to make considerable profits.

George Newnes, Limited.—Following the example of C. A. Pearson, Limited, and Messrs. Harmsworth and the *Lady's Pictorial*, the old company of George Newnes, Limited, is being reconstructed, and a public issue of 500,000 5 per cent. preference shares is now offered for subscription. The profits are ample, and the investment is one which even the most nervous might sleep on in peace.

Saturday, July 24, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NOTE.—We are obliged to go to press this week a day earlier than usual, and correspondents will therefore, we trust, forgive us should their letters not be answered. Next week, in consequence of the August Bank Holiday, we shall suffer from the same cause.

A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.—The report of the Deccan Company has ere this reached you, and really gives all the information we have been able to glean. Crushing will begin in about two months, but there is some anxiety over the water question, as the Wandalli Company is dependent on rain for milling. We expect the first crushings may prove disappointing, as deeper sinking will be necessary to develop much of importance. The company is distinctly a speculative one, with great possibilities, but not fitted for nervous ladies.

F. M.—(1) Buy Imperial Continental Gas Stock, dividend May and November, with half your money, and *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. with the balance, dividend also May and November. (2) If you sell X.D., you get the dividend. You will get the dividend on North-Eastern Railway stock; if not from the company, you must claim it through your brokers. With the Gordon Hotel money buy Surrey Commercial Dock stock or Cape Town and District Gas shares.

CESTRIAN.—You seem one of those simple-minded persons on whom the advertising tout lives. The price for the shares is so low because nobody believes a word the persons behind this miserable concern like to publish. It was conceived in sin, and will bring no good to anybody but the sharks who palm off the shares on the unsuspecting widow and clergyman. We don't know what the paper you name would say, but we have no faith in anything which the writer in question recommends.

STAR.—We really have no special information as to the cycle company you name, nor have we ever come across any of its productions. We have so often expressed our opinion of the present state of the cycle trade generally that we cannot add much here, especially when we really know nothing of the company.

AMY.—We warned many correspondents against Maynards because the shares were puffed by advertising touts.

We are asked to announce that the share-certificates and debenture bonds in Thomas Tilling, Limited, are now ready and can be exchanged for the letters of allotment and banker's receipts on application at 22, High Street, Peckham, between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., or they will be forwarded by post, at the owners' risk.

The directors have declared an interim dividend upon the Ordinary Shares of the "Financial Times," Limited, at the usual rate of 25 per cent. per annum, free of income tax.